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PATIENCE HART'S

FIRST EXPERIENCE IN SERVICE.

BY MRS. SEWELL,

Author of "HOMELY BALLADS," "MOTHER'S LAST WORDS,"
"OUR FATHER'S CARE," &c., &c.

SECOND EDITION. SEVENTH THOUSAND.

LONDON:

JARROLD AND SONS, 12, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1862.

250. g. 135.



PATIENCE HART'S

FIRST EXPERIENCE IN SERVICE.

LETTER I.

DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE just done my work for to-night, and I shall try and begin my letter to you; it is only two days since I came here, but it seems to me, more like two weeks.

I had a good journey up to London, but my heart was very full when I lost sight of you; however, I kept it all in till we came to the long tunnel, and then I thought nobody would be the wiser for it, and I would have a good cry and get rid of it a little; but I was mistaken, for when we came out into the light again, a gentleman who sat opposite to me, said, "Are you unhappy, my little girl?" "Oh! dear, no sir!" I said, "I am not unhappy, only I have just left my father and mother, and I am going to service, a long way off, and I don't know when I shall see them again." He said, it was very natural I should feel so, for he had no doubt my parents

had been very good to me; and I told him I was sure there never were better parents in the world. "I saw a nice-looking woman," he said, "on the platform with a scarlet cloak on, and a pleasant-looking man with a white smock frock;" "Yes, sir," I said, "they were my father and mother: they came to the station to see me off." "Well," said he, "I am sure they both looked as if their hearts were full; I daresay they are very fond of you, and very proud of you." I did not know exactly what to say, and so I said, I hoped you would be proud of me, for I did not mean to do anything to bring disgrace upon you. He said that was a very good resolution to set out in life with, and that I could not do better than keep to it. Then he asked me if I was to be met in London, and I told him I was to get into an Islington omnibus, and that would set me down at the house I was going to. Then he asked me, if I had many parcels, and I told him I had only one little wooden box, and a band-box; he said there would be a great bustle at the terminus, and that he would see me safe into the omnibus. Then he began to read the newspaper, and I tried to recollect how your faces looked, but I could not form them exactly, and then I thought about my new place, and looked out of the window, and it all seemed very strange; but at last we got to London, and to be sure, there was a crowd and bustle; but the gentleman bid a porter take my boxes, and he went and put me into the omnibus. I cannot tell what I should have done, if he had not been so kind, for the crowd and the noise seemed to take away all

my senses. The gentleman told the man who opened the door, where to set me down; for he had asked me where it was before; then he smiled at me, and went away.

I know my mother will say it was a providence my meeting with him. The omnibus was so full, that I was obliged to sit almost in the lap of a very fat woman; it made her so cross, and she said, "Don't sit on me, child!" I begged her pardon, and said I could not help it, and that I would sit as light as I could, and so I did, till my legs ached so bad. I did not like the look of London at all; I thought it would be a great deal prettier, but it was so dull and dirty, and all the people walked as if they were in a hurry, and had some anxious business to do.

At last, the man called out the name of my terrace, and looked at me. My heart jumped into my mouth, for I was got to my place; but I got out and paid him his fare, and he set my boxes down upon the pavement, jumped up again, and away they went. Oh, how very strange and lonely I did feel—but just that moment, your words came into my mind, that I need not be ashamed or afraid, because I was going to be useful, and do my duty; so I carried my boxes to the door, and gave a little ring. I daresay they did not hear it, for nobody came, so I pulled again a little harder, and then a young woman came to the door, dressed like a lady. I thought perhaps it was my mistress, so I said, "If you please, ma'am, I am the girl that was to come to be a servant here." "Oh! very well," she said, "come in; we expected you to-day;

bring your boxes after me, and I will shew you into the kitchen."

I followed her down some stairs into a room underground, where you could not look out of the window to see anything, only just the people's feet as they walked over an iron grating above the window. It looked very dull, and though it was only four o'clock, the gas was lighted. The housemaid (for I soon saw she was a servant by her manners, though she was dressed so fine) spoke to a nice motherly-looking woman, and said, "Here is the young lady my mistress bespoke from the country," and then she whispered and laughed, and I heard her say, "Methodist." "You might be ashamed of yourself, Abigail," said the woman; and then she looked at me with a nice kind face, and said, "Come in, child, and set down your boxes; I'll shew you where to put them in a moment, as soon as I've popped these tarts into the oven. Here—sit down on this chair by the fire; you are tired, I daresay." I thanked her, and said I was not tired, for I had not walked at all. "Well, then, you'll be hungry I am sure," she said, "after such a long journey." I said I was not hungry, because my mother had given me some buns to eat, but I was rather thirsty. "No doubt you are," said she, "I'll make you a cup of tea in a minute; that is what I always like best myself after a journey." Then having shut the oven door and stirred the fire, she came up to me, and looked me full in the face, just as if she was studying what sort of a girl I was by my looks. "Well!" she said, "faces ar'nt good for anything, if you are a bad

girl—for you have the look of a good one.” I said I did not mean to be a bad girl. “No, child, no, I daresay you don’t,” said she, “and I hope you never will; and now, what’s your name?” “Patience Hart,” I said. “Patience Hart—and a very pretty name it is,” said she. “Well, child, you will have need of patience, at any rate, in this world—and if you have a perfect heart, you are better off than most people.” “My name is spelt, H-a-r-t,” I said. “Oh! well then, you will have hart’s feet, I hope,” she said, “and be swift and diligent. ‘Hind’s feet,’ the Bible has it, but harts and hinds are all one, for the matter of swiftness; so now, Patience Hart, come with me into this room, for you are to sleep here in that little bed—the other bed is mine. I sleep downstairs; the other servants sleep upstairs.” I said I was glad I was going to sleep in the same room with her, for her kind motherly way had already made me forget that I could only see the people’s shoes out of the window. “Yes—yes,” she said, “we shall be good friends, I see, so take off your bonnet and shawl, and then come back, and we will have a cup of tea together, and then you can put your things away into these drawers, whilst I get the dinner ready for the family at six o’clock.” So away she went, and I soon followed her, and found the tea comfortably set out with some slices of meat for me. She said I should soon find my appetite; that strange faces, and strange places, mostly took it away from young people at first. I said, “You don’t seem strange to me, Mrs. ———;” here I stopped, for I did not know her name.

"My name is Trubody, child, Janet Trubody—the servants here call me Mrs. Trubody—that is what you may call me, my dear." I laughed and said, "I think you have a pretty name too—I don't feel you at all strange to me, Mrs. Trubody." When she had poured the tea out, she was going to put some sugar in my cup. "If you please," I said, "I never take sugar in my tea—I don't like it. I like milk. My mother never brought us up to have sugar. She said it was all use, and that I should like it in the end better without, if I used myself to it; and so I do. My mother said also, that I should be able to save a good deal of money in that way, for better purposes. When she was a servant herself, she helped to keep her mother out of the workhouse, by giving her all the money she received for her sugar and beer, and she says the sweetness of that sugar has lasted now for a good many years, and she thinks it will last to the day of her death; and she advised me to save my money, for I should be sure to find a better use for it, than eating and drinking it." "Very true, my dear," she said, "very just; you have a good mother, and I see that you know it." "Yes, that I do," I said; and I don't know how it was, but in a moment, some tears jumped out of my eyes. "There, there," she said, "I didn't mean to make you cry." "Oh! I am not crying," I said, "only I do love my father and mother so dearly," and the stupid tears would go on running down my cheeks. "I can't think why I should be so foolish," I said. "Never mind, child, they are a credit to you, and to your

parents as well," said she. "The mother is not worth much, who can have her child leave her for the first time without feeling it. How old are you, Patience?" "I am going of my fifteen, Mrs. Trubody," I said; "my birthday is on the 5th of May, just three months to come. I have a brother older than I am; he is a soldier in India, and I have a brother and sister younger." And so we kept on chatting over our tea, when Mrs. Trubody jumped up and said, "Well, we must not sit gossiping any longer, or we shall have our master home from the city, and not have his dinner ready for him; so I will go on with my business, and you can put all your clothes away neatly in the drawers, that you may know where to find them." "But do let me help you, Mrs. Trubody," I said, "I shall have time for my things afterwards." "Oh!" said she, "you had better take a holiday to-day; besides, you would soil that nice clean dress of yours." "Oh, no!" I said, "I can get a round apron out of my box in a minute," and I ran and unlocked my box, and put on one of my round blue check aprons. "Now," said I, "I can wash the dishes, or scour the saucepans, or anything you like, and be none the worse for it." She took hold of my shoulder, and turned me round. "Now, *that*," said she, "is what I do admire—the good, old-fashioned, sensible apron—two widths—meets behind—a good bib. That apron does my heart good, child; I could almost fancy you were myself going out to service again; it is a pity your mother does not set the servants' fashions, child." "My mother does not like the

fashions, Mrs. Trubody," I said. "She says, the most foolish thing that poor people can do, is to run after the fashions, for they are pretty sure to run after their ruin. She has had her scarlet cloak twenty years, and it looks quite beautiful now; but do give me a job, for I am quite fresh since my tea;" and so I helped her to take the dinner up, and then to clear away, and she said, I was "very handy;" and I did wish that you could have seen me.

In the course of the evening, my mistress rang the bell for me to go up and speak to her. I felt a little frightened, but Mrs. Trubody said I need not mind—my mistress would speak very kindly to me; so I tapped at the drawing-room door, and when she said "Come in!" I opened the door, and made a curtsy, and she said, "So you are the little girl I have had so well recommended to me!" And I curtsied again, and said, "Yes, ma'am, if you please, I am." "And your name is Hart?" "Yes ma'am, Patience Hart," I said. "You are much smaller than I expected to see you," said she; "I am almost afraid you will not be equal to the place." And I said, "Yes, ma'am, I am short of my age, but I am very strong and healthy, and I can get through a great deal of work." She smiled, and said it was not always the biggest that were the best workers. And I said, "No, ma'am, if you please, my father says, 'little and good, is the best workman.'" She smiled again, and said she hoped I should prove so; that she intended me to give a little help to all the servants in turn. Before breakfast, I should assist the

nurse in the nursery; after breakfast, I should have to assist the housemaid in the bed-rooms, &c.; and after the servants' dinner, if the weather were fine, I should walk out with the children; and the remainder of the day, I should assist Mrs. Trubody in the kitchen; and she said, "I put you especially under the care of my cook; she is a very excellent person, and will advise you like a mother; all my servants are respectable and trustworthy. I think you may safely look to them for example. I hope, Patience," said she, "that you are strictly honest, and always speak the truth. I am very particular in these things." "Oh! dear, yes, ma'am," said I, "I was always brought up to that." "I am very glad of it," she said. "We have family prayers, morning and evening, which you will have the privilege of attending—I suppose you have not been used to that at home." "No, ma'am," I said, "not twice in the day—only in the evening, after father has had his supper, then he reads a chapter in the Bible, and makes a prayer." "Indeed!" said she, "very proper indeed! and what prayer-book does he use?" "He does not use a prayer-book, ma'am," I said; "my father prays out of his own heart; he is not much of a scholar to read any book, but the Bible." "Indeed!" said my mistress—and I thought she looked surprised. "And what religion does he belong to?" said she. "To the Christian religion, ma'am," said I. "Yes, Patience, I suppose so," she said; "but what religious denomination does he belong to?" "I'm sure, ma'am, I don't know," I said, "but we always go to Church." "Oh!

very right," said she, "that is what I meant. You may go now, Patience, and I hope you will keep up your good looks in London." "I thank you, ma'am," I said, "I expect I shall"—and I curtsied, and left the room, and went back to the kitchen, and to bed directly after prayers, for I was very sleepy, as you may believe, after such a long day.

This is a very long letter, though I have only told you about the first day I was here. I thought you would like to hear all about that. I have now been here better than a week, and I have written a little of this every day; I write in the evening, when we have cleared away and had our tea. I shall write again as soon as I can; I shall always keep a letter begun, so that if I have only a few minutes to spare, I can put down something, but pray let me hear from you soon.

My love to father, and Mary, and Robert, and to all enquiring friends, and I remain, your loving and dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER II.

DEAR MOTHER,

I WAS very glad to get your letter, and to find that you were all in good health. I have no doubt you do miss my help in doing the work, as much as you say you do. I am sure I miss you. I often dream of being at home, and working about as we used to do. Last night, I dreamt that you and I were standing at the wash-tub together, and then we went into the garden and hung all the linen up on the line. The sun was shining so beautiful and bright, and the clothes were flapping about in the wind, and everything smelt so fresh and sweet, and the daffodils in my garden were out, and there was the old brown hen clucking round the door with a great brood of young chickens. I was running into the house to get them something to eat, when Mrs. Trubody said, "Patience, it is time to get up." I jumped up in bed, and there I was in our dark chamber underground, and the sweep was calling in the street. Oh! so different to my dream—but never mind, I am quite happy, and Mrs. Trubody says she likes me, and I am sure I like her, and I shall soon get used to what I don't call pleasant now.

Since I finished my last letter, we have had company staying in the house, and there has

been more cooking and clearing up, so that I have had but little time for writing; but now that we are alone again, I shall get on. You say you wish to know everything I see and do, so you will not call me a tell-tale if I write some things about the servants that I expect they would not wish to have told. You remember you told me never to look into drawers, nor to read letters that were left about, so I did not expect to see Abigail do so; but one morning, when I was helping her to make the bed in mistress's room, there lay a note on the dressing table, not in the envelope, and partly open; she took it up carelessly, and read it through. "Oh!" she said, "here is good news! My master and mistress are going to Brighton on the 20th of next month, to stay with my master's mother—that is a very convenient arrangement for me; you can go on shaking the bed, Patience; I must just run into the nursery to tell Judith." Judith is the nursemaid—her name is Judith Painter—and off she ran; but she had not been gone a minute, when who should come into the room, but my mistress. She went to the dressing table and looked about; then she opened the drawers and looked on the floor, and just at that moment, Abigail came back, and I saw her whip the letter into her pocket. "Abigail!" said my mistress, "have you seen a note? I thought I had left one on my dressing table when I went down to breakfast." "No, ma'am," said she, "I can't say I have, but perhaps we may have whisked it away in taking the clothes off the bed;" and then she went down on her knees and looked under

the bed, and managed to get the letter out of her pocket, and when she was pulling the bed clothes about, she called out, as if quite pleased, "Oh! here it is, ma'am—I thought we might have whisked it off." My mistress took it and looked at it as if she was not quite satisfied with its appearance I thought, and she left the room without saying a word more. Then Abigail said to me, in a coaxing way, "You must not say a word about it, Patience; you'll not know anything if there should chance to be a question asked." "I will not say a word about it, if my mistress does not ask me," I said. "And if she does, what business have you to tell tales of me, Miss, I should like to know?" said she, angrily; "you'll find that one good turn deserves another, and one bad turn will get another; it may come upon you next, and I shall not be your friend to save you out of a scrape—remember that." "I am sure I do not wish to get you into a scrape," said I; "but I am surprised you dare read my mistress's letter." "Oh! yes, child," said she, in a scornful way, "I dare say there are two or three little things that would surprise even such a highly-educated young lady as you are." "I am not highly educated, Abigail," said I; "I can read and write, and work well enough, but I don't know much more." "Oh!" she said, "to see you write, one would think you had been brought up at a high boarding school; I am quite afraid of so much learning, for 'tis mostly ill-natured." We had finished the beds, and away she went, and I felt very sorry, because she seems to have

taken against me, but I could not help it—I did nothing to vex her.

* * * *

I am afraid we are not come to the end of the letter business yet, and I feel very uncomfortable about it. I will tell you all I know. I was helping my mistress yesterday morning to water some beautiful plants that she has in a little room where she frequently sits; and as I was there, the hall bell rang. "You can go, Patience, and open the door," she said. When I opened the door, there was a young woman, who asked if she could speak to Mrs. Freemantle. I told my mistress, and she said, "Tell her to come in here, Patience, and you need not leave, but go on watering the plants;" and so it was that I heard what passed. "If you please, ma'am," said the woman, "I heard that you were going to leave home soon, and I made bold to come down before you went, to ask for a Dispensary letter for my mother-in-law." "How could you hear that I was leaving home?" said my mistress; "I only knew of it myself about two days back; we may well say that other people know our business better than we do ourselves—I do not recollect having seen you before." "I have often been to the house, ma'am. I work for the servants—I make their dresses, ma'am," replied the woman. "And have you been to the house to hear that I was going out?" said my mistress. I saw the woman looked a good deal confused, but she said, "No, ma'am, I certainly did not hear it at your house—I really cannot take upon myself to say how I did hear it. I see a good many people

here and there, and I am sure I heard some one say that you were going to Brighton on the 20th of next month, and my mother-in-law said to me directly, 'Ask Mrs. Freemantle for a Dispensary letter before she goes from home.' " "Indeed!" said my mistress, "they have got the time very correctly;" and she went to her desk, and gave the woman the Dispensary letter, and did not say anything more to her.

When she was gone, my mistress looked very hard at me, and asked if I could write, and read writing easily. "Yes, ma'am, I can," I said, "I have been used to write long letters to my brother in India." "I suppose you know," she said, "that you should not read any letters but your own—letters are private property." "Yes, ma'am," I said, "I know it. My mother told me to be very particular never to look into a letter, and hardly to touch it." I thought she looked as if she was going to say more, but I told her I had finished the watering, and she said, "Very well, you may go." I am sure I hope that she will not ask me any more about it, because I know that Abigail went out without leave last evening to her dressmaker's, to get a new dress made up, and I have no doubt she told her my mistress was going from home. I begin to see that your words are quite true, that "Liars make crooked ways for themselves."

After the parlour dinner is over and cleared away in the evening, Mrs. Trubody and I sit down in the kitchen, and make ourselves comfortable. I write to you or do some work for myself, and she always reads a chapter in the

Bible. She told me one night, that if she did not do that, she could not do her work half so well. I laughed, but she said it was quite true; the Bible was her book of directions, and of comfort too. The housemaid often sits in the nursery in the evening with Judith. I fancy they do not like **Mrs. Trubody** very much; they often seem to have some secret to hide; well, I like her, I think I love her—she is so very kind to me. And so when we were sitting by the fire, I told her about the letter, and asked her if she did not think my mistress would find out about it. She said it was very uncertain. “Our mistress, child,” said she, “is sometimes very strict, but mostly a little too easy. She does not like the trouble of finding out things that are wrong, and as the servants see that, they get bold in doing wrong, and then at last comes a great upset. I have seen many a bad turn-out since I have been here, for I have lived in the family, altogether, twenty-five years; fifteen years with my mistress’s mother, and ten with her, and she is a good mistress; but I often think, if she would keep the girls a little in hand, and give herself the trouble to see that things went on right, it would be better for all parties; for my dear, a housefull of servants is like a drove of young bullocks; they none of them like the yoke, but all want to go their own way—and young girls do want guiding and curbing; that’s what young things do want. She may look into this business perhaps, but it is quite as likely she will reason it in this way—‘Abigail suits me very well on the whole, and it would be inconvenient to me to be unsettled with a housemaid just now,

and if I enquire about this letter, and find she has read it, and made my plans known, I must make a stir about it; and she is very hasty under reproof, and it is very likely she may give me warning, so it shall pass over this time.' I have known this kind of thing happen so many times, that I think it likely enough we shall hear no more about it; but it is a great pity—a great pity—passing over faults without notice, spoils servants, and beside that, it often brings the innocent into trouble." "Yes!" I said, "I am sure I am in trouble, because I must speak the truth if my mistress asks me about it; musn't I, Mrs. Trubody?" "Yes, to be sure, child, you must; don't be a tell-tale about little things of no consequence, but when you are asked, always speak the plain truth; don't make more of it, but just the truth; and in some cases, you must tell the truth about things whether you are asked or not. A faithful servant must not keep silence if she knows of anything going on wrong." "Well!" I said, "I wish people would not tell lies—it makes one so uncomfortable." I am sure you will be glad that I have such a wise friend and adviser as Mrs. Trubody; and now, as my paper is full, I must conclude this letter, and with love to all, I am,

Your affectionate and dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER III.

DEAR MOTHER,

You say in your last letter, that you wish to hear from me very often, but that I must not expect a reply to all my letters; now this, I think, is rather hard, for I am sure I want to hear from you, quite as much as you want to hear from me; and if you cannot find time to write yourself, I think Mary could; and writing letters would improve her a great deal more than writing only copies. I do not believe that I should have written half so fast and easily as I do now, if you had not made me write such long letters to Mark; be sure, when you hear from him, that you let me know. I heard my master say the other day, when he laid down the newspaper, that there was terrible work going on in India. As he said the words, I felt the colour all go out of my cheeks, and I had such a bad feeling about my heart; but I hope it is all right with him, poor fellow.

Well, now I must tell you something about the children here—"the young ladies and gentlemen," we call them. I light the nursery fire every morning, and do up the room, and get the baths ready, and when I have changed my frock and put on a clean apron, I help Judith to dress them. There are four of them—two girls and two boys.

Miss Rose is the eldest, and Master Alfred is the youngest; he is only nine months old; they are the sweetest little dears I ever saw. I love them all—but I like Miss Rose and Master Gerald the best; he has such a spirit, but he is so very affectionate. The first morning that I came to help in the nursery, he said to me, "You shall not dress me." "Oh! yes, Master Gerald," I said, "let me dress you, I'll do it very nicely." Then he turned round and looked hard at me, and said, "So you shall, because you have got such a pretty face; what is your name?" "Patience," I said. Then the children all laughed, and said it was a funny name; and they all came to me, and said I should dress them; and they asked me all sorts of questions, and wished to know if I should walk with them when they went out; I said I would, if their mamma wished it. "Oh!" they said, "mamma will like it; we will ask her, and then you will play with us in the garden, won't you, Patience?" And they all laughed again at my name, and I said I would play with them if I went; and Miss Rose said, "You are a good Patience!" They dress in such beautiful clothes, only I think they are too short; their poor little knees are almost naked, and the winds are very cold now; Miss Edith came home crying with cold yesterday, and her legs looked quite blue. I don't know why they have them so short, there are plenty of tucks to let down. At first, I thought it was hardly decent for young ladies to show their legs so much.

After breakfast, they all came running to me, and told me, their mamma had said that I should

go out with them to walk in the Enclosures every day when it was fine; and they jumped and skipped about, and called me "good Patience, dear Patience," as if they really loved me; bless their little hearts, I am sure I shall love them.

At twelve o'clock, when they came out of the school-room (for they have a governess), Judith told me to put on my bonnet and shawl, and go with her, to take care of the children. She carried the baby, and the others all said they must take hold of my hand, and that I must make three hands; so I said, "If Miss Rose would take hold of Master Gerald's hand in the street, I would have a hand for them all in the garden." This quite satisfied them, and they walked very nicely down the street, till we came to the Enclosure; we had a key to let ourselves in—and then away they ran with their hoops and balls, and I managed to play with them all, till they were out of breath with laughing and running, and their cheeks were like so many red roses.

There were several nursemaids in the garden, but they did not play with their children, but sat themselves down on some seats, and talked to each other, and when their children cried, they scolded them, and called them naughty and fretful. Judith sat down with them, and did not carry baby about at all; she said he was very heavy, and it fatigued her. As we were leaving the garden, Miss Rose said to me, "I know, Patience, you cannot make three hands, so I will take hold of Gerald's other hand again, because you know he is a little boy." "I'm not a little boy," said he, so pat; "Alfred is a little boy—I'm

a big boy, am not I, Patience?" And I said, "You are the biggest boy, I am sure, sir, and you'll walk so nicely between Miss Rose and me." This quite satisfied him; and he went hopping and skipping along between us; he is turned three years old; Miss Edith is between five and six, and Miss Rose between eight and nine.

When they were in the nursery, taking off their things, my mistress came in, and said, "Well, my dears, have you had a pleasant walk?" "Oh! delightful, mamma," said Miss Rose, "and Patience is such a good hand at playing; we have been playing at ball, and running races, till we were all out of breath." "Oh! Patience is such a dood payer," said Master Gerald (for he cannot speak all his words plain). We do love Patience; she shall never go away from us; shall she, mamma?" My mistress did not reply to that, but she said to Miss Rose, "And did baby enjoy seeing you run about?" "I think not, mamma," said she. "Why, how was that? he always likes to see you play." "I don't think he could see us, mamma—he was sitting on Judith's lap, crying." "How was that! did not Judith carry him about?" "No, mamma, she sat on the seat with him." "How can you say so?" said Judith, angrily, "I'm sure, Miss Rose, I was sitting only quite a little while; baby is so heavy now, and I was tired with carrying him." "I did not see you carry him," said Miss Rose, looking rather frightened. "No, that is very likely; you were all making such a noise, that you would be hardly likely to hear or see any-

thing else." "But we all heard baby crying, and so did Patience, for she said 'Poor little dear, I wish I had him here to play with, instead of his sitting along with the nursemaids, talking.'" When Miss Rose said this, Judith darted a very angry look at me, and my mistress said, "You know, Judith, I do not like you to sit down with the baby: they are apt to take cold, unless they are kept moving about." "Of course, ma'am," said Judith, "I am well aware of that—and Miss Rose and Patience are quite mistaken."

My mistress then left the nursery, and I was very glad, for I was afraid she might ask me, and if I told the truth, I should have been obliged to say that she was sitting and talking with the other nursemaids all the time. As soon as the nursery door was shut, Judith turned to Miss Rose, and said, "Now, Miss Tell-tale, come to me, and have your hair brushed; a pretty young lady indeed, to make mischief in this way! you'll repent of it Miss, I can tell you—if any of you tell tales, you'll repent of it." "I did not mean to make mischief, Judith," said Miss Rose; "I only answered mamma." "Oh! a very pretty excuse indeed—not intend to make mischief! what did you intend, I wonder? Why can't you stand still, child!" and she gave her a rough pluck and pulled her hair. "Oh! Judith, you hurt me," said she, and began to cry. "Very well; stand still then," said Judith, and went on brushing in a very rough way. "You do my hair, Patience," said little Gerald, who had been looking at his sister with great concern. "Judith shall not pull

my hair." "Shall I do it?" said I to Judith. "No, of course not," said she; "you may think yourself vastly clever, but you don't know how to do the children's hair yet. Come here, you naughty boy," said she, twisting him round. "Not let me do your hair! a pretty fancy, that Patience must do it. I suppose that Patience is to be everything now." "Because you are a naughty cross Judith," said he, "and I do not love you at all." "Oh! very well—then who will give you the sugar on your bread and butter?" said she. The child looked round at me, and said, "Patience will; won't you, Patience?" I did not speak, but he said again, "Won't you give me sugar on my bread and butter, Patience?" "No, Master Gerald," I said; "when your mamma came into the nursery this morning, she said you were not to have sugar on your bread and butter, so I must not give it to you." "But Judith gives it to me; she does not mind what mamma says—why do you, Patience?" said he. Then I spoke out quite plain, and said, "Servants should obey their masters and mistresses; that is what they have them for." "Nonsense!" said Judith, and pushed the child away, and called Miss Edith to have her hair done. Now Miss Edith is quite a spirit, and sometimes very passionate; and she went up to Judith, and said "Now, Judith, are you going to pull my hair like Rose's, because if you are, I shall not have it done;" and she stood there looking as resolute as a little lion. "If you will not have your hair done, Miss," said Judith, "I shall tell your mamma, and she will not have

you sit down to dinner with a rough head." "Then will you pull my hair?" said she. Judith snatched hold of her—"Come, don't let me hear any of your impertinence," said she; and she began to brush, and the child to kick and scream. Upon this, in comes my mistress. "What's the matter now?" said she. "Oh!" said Judith, "it is Miss Edith in her tempers again; she will not have her hair combed." "Then Edith must be punished," said her mamma. "Edith must go to bed, and not have any dinner." "Oh! mamma, dear," said Miss Rose, "indeed it is not Edith's fault; Judith pulled her hair." "How can you say so, Miss Rose? I had not put the comb into her hair; she said she would not have it done before I began," said Judith. As Edith continued crying, my mistress said she must cure her of such naughty tempers, and she took her away into her own room.

When she was gone, Judith said to Miss Rose, who was crying to see her sister punished, "You naughty girl! I wonder how you dare tell such stories; you remember the text about lying lips; you'll be sure to be punished." I was doubling the things up, when little Gerald came up to me and half whispered, "Judith's is lying lips, ar'nt they, Patience?" I said, "You won't tell lies, will you, Master Gerald?" "No," said he; "and I won't have the sugar on my bread and butter, if you will always brush my hair—will you?" I said I would soon learn to do it nicely, and then I would. "Dood Patience," he said, "I love you, Patience, because you are not cross."

And then he put his little mouth close up to my ear, and said, "I don't love Judith."

I really could have cried when I went out of the nursery, to see how all the dear children had been made unhappy by Judith's ill temper. I am sure they are all sweet little dears, and as good as gold with me. It would be of no use for me to tell my mistress, because I have been here but a little while, and my mistress puts great confidence in Judith, who has been with her a long while; and I have heard her say that she considers her a pious young woman—that means religious. When I told Mrs. Trubody what my mistress thought of Judith, she shook her head and said, "Ah! my dear, there's many a whited sepulchre that will be seen into some day; but whatever you do, child, always speak the truth before the children; don't let them see anything wrong or false in you. You may do a deal of good in the family, child, if you have but courage to do and say what is right, and then patiently take the consequence; this may be unpleasant at the time, but it will all come right in the end." "Dear Mrs. Trubody," I said, "there seem to me to be many difficulties; I am afraid I shall not always do right." "Well, child, always try to do right," said she; "life is full of difficulties, but the faithful and upright get over them or through them, and rejoice in the end; and I know it is so, Patience, by experience." "Well," said I, "I hope you will always tell me what is right and what is wrong;" and she said she would, as far as she knew it herself; and I am

very glad of that, for I see that I shall want a good wise friend, for I know that neither Judith nor Abigail like me, but I shall always be civil and obliging to them, and not put them out if I can help it.

But now, I must say good bye; you must tell me if my letters are too long, so no more at present, but my dear love to father, Robert, and Mary, and all enquiring friends, and I am,

Your loving and dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER IV.

DEAR MOTHER,

I AM very much obliged to you for your advice about speaking the truth before children; for as you say, they notice everything they see or hear. I am sure I hope I shall always do it. I mean to do it, but I see how easy it would be to tell falsehoods here; and if you had not always been so strict with me, I daresay I should do like the others. I have no doubt you remember full as well as I do, the whipping you gave me when I was a very little child, and had told you a story about an apple. When you had done, you said, "There, child, 'Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord,' and so they are to your mother." That was a text I never forgot, and whenever I hear it read, I remember how it was fixed in my mind; but now I must tell you how I am getting on.

A few evenings since, as Mrs. Trubody and I were at our tea, she said to me, "I'm very sorry for Miss Murray—poor young lady" (Miss Murray is the children's governess), "she has some work to do for the children, and she can't get on with it; she asked me this afternoon for a poultice to put on her finger. I am afraid she is going to have a bad whitlow; she said it was very painful and very inconvenient, as she wanted to finish some work that was needed. She is a very nice spoken

young lady—quite the lady. I think she has had some trouble, for you mind, Patience, she is in deep mourning; and I fancy she must be very lonely, sitting up there in the school-room all by herself; she has not been here long. I was thinking, Patience—” “What were you thinking of, Mrs. Trubody?” says I. “Why, child, you are such a pretty needlewoman, that I thought you might lay that flourishing pen of yours down for an evening or two,” said she, laughing, “and offer to help Miss Murray with her work.” “With all my heart,” said I; “but how shall I manage to ask her, I have hardly ever spoken to her?” “No, poor young lady,” said she, “she don’t get much spoken to by anybody. My mistress is so easy, she don’t think about her being lonely, I daresay, or she would invite her down into the drawing-room in the evening; but go and tap at the door, child, and ask if you can help her; I’m sure she would be glad of it.” So away I went directly and tapped at the door, and when she said “Come in!” I opened the door, and I made a curtsy. “If you please, ma’am,” I said, “if I don’t make too bold, I should be very glad to do some work for you, if you think I can do it well enough. Mrs. Trubody told me you had a bad finger, and that you wanted to get some work done.” She smiled at me sweetly, and said, “I am sure, Patience, I am very much obliged to you; it would be a very great help to me indeed, for I particularly want to get this work finished, and my finger is so painful, that I cannot put my thimble on; but are you sure that you have the time to spare without neglecting your

other work?" "Oh! yes, ma'am," I said, "I almost always have some time to spare in the evening, and I can work pretty fast, and I have a good hour this evening, if you would be so good as to give me some to do." "You are a kind-hearted girl," she said; "and this is a real kindness to me." So she told me all about the work, and gave me needle and cotton, and told me to let her look at it when I had done a little piece, as she did not know if I could do it well enough. So I went down into the kitchen, and worked away like a "new-un," as father says; and when I took a little piece up to show her, she said it was beautiful; she could not do it better herself—but I saw tears in her eyes as she said again, "Thank you, Patience." Well, I never did a better hour's work in my life; and I took it to her just before we went in to prayers; and she was quite surprised to see how much I had done. I am sure I shall like Miss Murray; I think you always like people that you help with a right good will. After prayers, I went to her again, and asked her if I should bring her another poultice before I went to bed. "If you please, Patience," she said, "I should be very much obliged to you;" and when I took it to her, she bid me good night so kindly. "Poor young lady!" as Mrs. Trubody says. I met Abigail as I came out of the room, and she tossed her head when I said "What a nice young lady Miss Murray is!" "She is nothing but a governess," says she; "And what better need she be?" said L. "Oh! governesses are not ladies; they have to earn their living just like us," said she. "But she is not at all like

us," said I; "she seems quite as much of a lady as my mistress." "Bless your ignorance!" said she—and off she went.

As Mrs. Trubody and I were undressing, I asked her why Abigail had said that Miss Murray was not a lady. "Because, my dear," said she, "she is ignorant of what a lady is; she thinks that money, and clothes, and doing nothing, make a lady; she would think that the lady described by king Solomon, in the last chapter of the Proverbs, was a very vulgar woman, I have no doubt. I know what *I call* ladies, Patience, but there is another opinion in the world that I do not hold with; I call Miss Murray a lady; and even if she scoured the saucepans, or scrubbed the stairs, she would be a lady all the same; for it is what a woman *is*, and not what she *has*, that makes a lady, in my opinion." "But I wish," said I, "that you would tell me exactly what you call a lady, because I should like to know; I have my own thoughts, but I don't know that they are right." "Well, Patience," said she, "that is just the case with me; I think there are many persons called ladies that don't deserve the name; and there are some *ladies* who are never *called* so. I have often heard gentlefolks talk together about ladies, and lady-like persons; and you may laugh, Patience, but I believe, if a woman were an angel for goodness, and as wise as king Solomon, and yet had a great red rough hand like mine, she would neither be called a lady, nor be considered fit for fashionable society; she would hardly find a gentleman that had the courage or politeness to take her in to dinner." "You

don't say so!" I said. "I do, indeed," said she; "it is wonderful what store is set upon a little thin, white, delicate hand, so much so, that most of the young ladies now-a-days won't do any work that is at all likely to spread or discolour them. I do believe that some of them would almost give their souls for small beautiful hands. Then there is a certain elegant easy way of walking, and sitting down, and turning about, and talking, that is called lady-like; and people who have such ways, are called ladies, let them be never so foolish or selfish; at any rate, being a lady, does not mean being a good Christian; they may be so, and a great many are, no doubt, but not all, by any means."

Then Mrs. Trubody told me, that once, they had two families come to stay in the house, one after the other, both of them distantly related to the family; and then she made up her own mind about a lady, or no lady. I will tell it you as nearly as I can in her own words. "The name of the first, was Mrs. Burrows; she came in her own carriage, with very beautiful horses, and a footman and coachman in very grand livery. She had three of her children with her, about the age that our children are now. Mrs. Burrows was a fine woman, but uncommonly proud; the ground seemed hardly good enough for her to tread upon, and she spoke in a very distant, lofty way. She had her maid with her, who was very much like her mistress; she seemed quite to despise us and our ways down here, and wondered we did not keep a man-servant. She quite unsettled the housemaid we had then, who could not rest till

she had got into a family where a footman was kept. The children were never allowed to speak to a servant, except their own nurse, for fear they should learn vulgar words and ways from them; and the poor little things looked at us, as if they did not know they were of the same human family; pretty children they were, and it was pitiful to see with what pride they were brought up; they were dressed in the very height of the fashion, not like children at all, but with all the ornaments and fripperies of grown-up people. Mrs. Burrows wore a great deal of jewellery; they said, in an evening, she looked all in a blaze. My mistress was giving me an order one morning in her hearing, and she said, 'Dear me, Mrs. Free-mantle, what a notable housekeeper you are; I really do not know the inside of my own kitchen; I am obliged to let things go on, and settle themselves as they can.' Our servants all thought what a lady she must be, not to interfere in the kitchen, or know anything about the spending of the money there; that was not my opinion.

"Well, soon after that, came Lady Cicely Cartright, in a very plain carriage, with an elderly respectable coachman; he looked as if he might have grown up from a boy in the family, for the children spoke to him as familiarly as they did to each other; and he looked at them with as much pride and love, as if they had been his own. They were charming children, two girls and a little boy. They dressed so plain and simple, that their play was never hindered by their clothes. When they spoke to the servants, they always said, 'If you please,' and 'Thank you,' and had

not a bit of height about them. Lady Cartright was a most sweet and gentle lady, feeling and considerate for every body. She had such a kind and friendly way of speaking, that you felt inclined to open out your mind to her. I used to see her morning and evening, at prayers, and I could not help looking at her face, there was such a mild, humble expression upon it; but I was to see something more of her—for whilst I was admiring her, her little boy was looking at me; sometimes he smiled and gave me a nod, as if he wished to begin an acquaintance, and hardly had I got to my business one morning, when I heard his little feet upon the kitchen stairs; he came in with a happy smile, and said, 'How do you do, cook? I'm come to see what you are doing; I like to come into the kitchen. What are you doing now?' 'I am making bread, sir,' I said. 'Oh!' said he, 'I want to know how you do it; will you show me? and then I will tell our cook at home, because mamma says yours is beautiful bread, much better than ours.' So I set him upon the table, and he watched me put the yeast in, and then the water, and mix it up; but when I began to knead it, he jumped off the table and said, 'Oh! do let me help you, I can knead it.' So I pinned a napkin before him, to keep the flour from his clothes, and in went his little hands, pummelling the dough with all his might, and asking if he was not a great help to me. In the midst of our work, there was a tap at the door, and when I opened it, there was Lady Cartright. She smiled when she saw the child's delight, and said she heard that he had found his way down to

me, and she had come to find him, for she was afraid he was troublesome. I told her, by no means; that I delighted in children, and I generally found they liked to come down into the kitchen to see what the cook was about. Then she praised my bread, and asked me to be kind enough to give her the exact rules by which I made it, for she found it difficult to get a cook who could regularly make good home-made bread; and she was ashamed to say, she could not give them the exact directions herself. Then she took out a little note-book, and set it all down very particularly, and asked me many questions about it; and she said she was always glad to get any information from a good servant, for, said she, 'every part of the business of a house is important, and the whole cannot work well, if the small parts are wrong;' and then she said, what I thought was very sensible—'that every mother, in educating her daughters, should look to the possibility of their being quite poor, or being obliged, either by choice or necessity, to emigrate, and so have everything to do for themselves and their family; and that they should learn all the really useful household duties that properly belong to a woman.' She said, 'There would be plenty of time left for their education, and all the accomplishments suitable to a lady, and that both mixed together, would make them more healthy and more happy, and much better mistresses when they settled in life.' I have often thought of her words when I have seen how ignorant many of the young ladies are now of the commonest things; indeed, how they despise them, and so

are left to the mercy of unprincipled servants. She chatted with me a long time, and she spoke with so much feeling about the difficulties of the poor; and I could see that she had thought about it, and that she admired and valued them in their place, as much as she did the rich in theirs. It did me good to hear her talk; then she thanked me very kindly for the information I had given her; and she told her little boy to thank me, and he did it in such a pretty manner, and said, 'If you like, cook, I will kiss you;' and he put up his pretty little mouth, and his mother did not prevent it at all, but let him kiss me and bid me good day.

"Now I called her a lady. I *felt* it, Patience, in everything she said and did; but though I felt that she was a lady, and I only a cook, by her way of speaking, I did not find myself at all put down, but rather encouraged to believe, that a faithful cook in her place, is just as respectable, and as valuable to society, as a rich and elegant lady of title is. And so, child, that is all I can tell you about it. Money, and fine clothes, and great houses, and little hands, don't make ladies of the kind I mean."

And now I am quite afraid you will be tired of this letter, and as it is so long already, I will keep what else I have to tell you to the next; and with my dear love to all, I am,

Your loving and dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER V.

DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE not had a letter from you since my last—but I don't mean this time to give you tit for tat, because, I daresay, you have some good reason for not writing. Well, I have been very busy too; the whole house has been hurryscurry to get everything ready for the family going to Brighton; and I kept helping one and another, till I hardly knew what my proper business was; however, the preparations were all finished at last, and yesterday morning, my master and mistress, and Miss Murray, and the children, and Judith, set off. Mrs. Trubody, and Abigail, and I, were at the hall door to see them go. Just before the carriage started, little Gerald put his head out of the window, and called out, "Don't go away, Patience, before we come back!" Then all their dear little faces were clustered at the window—"Good bye, Patience!" "Don't go away, Patience." I was quite upset, and put my apron up to my eyes, just to stop my tears, for I did not want them to see me crying; but Miss Rose spied it out in a moment. "Good bye, Patience!" said she, "don't cry; we shall soon come back again." Bless her little heart! I love her the best of them all. When the carriage was out of sight, I could not keep in any longer, and I had

a good cry. Abigail flung away from the door, saying,

“Luck go with ’em, and a bottle of moss ;
If they never come back, ’twill be no great loss.”

Mrs. Trubody quietly wiped her eyes, and went into her own room for a little while. My master bid her good bye, and said, “We depend upon you, cook.” My mistress shook hands with her, and said, “Good bye, Janet; we always leave home with an easy mind, with you in charge.” “God bless you, ma’am, and my master, and the dear children,” said she, “and bring you all safe back again.” I see how they respect and trust her.

We are to have a thorough house-cleaning whilst they are away; and we were busy all the day in taking down curtains, and beds, and taking up the carpets before the sweep came. Mrs. Trubody told me that the drawing-room and some of the other rooms were to be fresh painted and papered; and we were working all the day like horses. Abigail was in her own bedroom a good while, doing something to a new dress. I just went into the room to speak to her, and saw lots of ribbons and fine things scattered about on the bed, and amongst them was a beautiful bow of my mistress’s. She saw that I noticed it, and coloured up and said, in a pettish voice, “Now, what are you come ‘meddle-and-making’ here for, child?” “Mrs. Trubody wants you,” I said, “to come and help with the muslin curtains, and the ornaments in the drawing-room.” “Oh! tell her I can’t come,” said she; “to-morrow will be time enough to do that; I have

something of my own to do to day; what can the woman want to be in such a hurry for?" "Oh!" said I; "she says, we had better get our master's work done first, and then we can play afterwards." "Oh! Mrs. Trubody has always some of her old-fashioned sayings to teach us with; you can take the ornaments and put them away, Patience, just as well as I can—only for your life, don't break one of them; and as to the curtains, let them be till the morning. Now I wish you'd be off." So I went and told Mrs. Trubody. "Ah! well, my dear," said she, "don't let the bees be hindered by the drones; you can put the ornaments carefully away, Patience; and what you have done once, you will be able to do again—it is all practice for you. Practice and experience are the things that make a clever servant—so go to it with a good heart, it will be more gain than loss to you." "But it is provoking, Mrs. Trubody," said I, "isn't it?" "Well, child, it is, if you look at it in that way; but there are always two ways of looking at a thing. A man will often be glad to give a good deal of money to learn a trade; Abigail gives you the chance of learning her business, without charging you anything for it. A servant's fortune lies in the number of things she can do well; and her property increases in that way; and the banks may break, but not ruin her, because her wealth is laid up in her hands and head—and no one can take it from her." "I don't quite understand you," said I. "Don't you?" said she; "then I will try and make it plainer. When I first went out to service, I was not so old as you, and I was under a

cook, where I learned to clean all the kitchen articles, and prepare the vegetables, and help the cook; but I could not cook myself. I had five pounds a year then. When I had been some time there, the cook said it was a pity I should keep in a scullery maid's place any longer; that I could take a place as plain cook, and so I did. I had eight pounds there; I improved myself very much, and could send up a good family dinner very nicely cooked; and I was advanced by degrees, to twelve pounds. I took every opportunity to learn. I never thought anything a trouble; and by degrees, I became what is called, a first-rate cook; and now, so highly is good cookery prized, that if I chose to leave this place, I could have almost what wages I liked to ask." "And have you very good wages now?" said I. "Yes, my dear, very good; and I have stayed so long in the family, that I have laid up enough to keep me comfortably in my old age, if it please God to take me out of active service before I die; and so you see, my property has increased with my knowledge; and I advise you to follow my example, and learn everything you can; you cannot know too much, but be sure to do *well* whatever you do; do it *perfectly*. A great many servants do things middling; but few have patience and industry enough to do them as well as they can be done. Perfect! is the word for me; I always like to keep it before me." "Ah! yes," I said, "I remember, when I had been here only a few days, that you had one of your tarts baked a thought too brown—and you said you felt quite ashamed of it, and yet it looked so beautiful, that

I thought how proud I should have been, if I had made it."

So I took Mrs. Trubody's advice, and dusted and put away all the ornaments, and did not break one; and we managed to get down the curtains together, for as she said, it would never do to have the sweep come in the morning and have to take them down then. When tea was ready, I went to tell Abigail, and found her all dressed to go out to tea somewhere. I started back, I was so surprised. "Well, goose!" said she, laughing, "you look as if you had seen a ghost!" "Well," I said, "I was so surprised. Where are you going?" "And what is that to you, Miss Impertinence? Pray mind your own business; and make my compliments to Mrs. Trubody, and tell her I shall be home by bed-time; and if not, she may lock the door." And away she went, as fine as possible; and I could just see that she had my mistress's bow on. I told this to Mrs. Trubody, and she looked very serious, and seemed quite perplexed to know what to do. "No good will come of this," she kept saying.

We have been so busy house-cleaning the last few days, that I have not had a minute's time to go on with my letter; but I have a little headache this evening, so Mrs. Trubody told me to sit down and write to my mother, as she thought that would cure it better than anything else; so I will go back to the place where I left off—the evening Abigail went out to tea. She was not home by ten o'clock, so Mrs. Trubody sent me to bed, but she sat up herself; and at twelve o'clock, Abigail came in. I have no doubt Mrs. Trubody

talked to her very seriously, for I saw that Abigail was quite put out all the next day; and Mrs. Trubody looked very anxious and thoughtful. At breakfast, she hardly spoke; but when it was over, and Abigail had gone up-stairs, she said to me, "Patience Hart, you and I shall have to keep up the respectability of the house, now the family is away, for Abigail seems determined to bring disgrace into it. We have a good deal of work to go through with to-day; but I should like to have a little serious talk with you in the evening." She did not say any more, and we both went to our different work; but she was not herself all day—not half so cheerful as she generally is. Well, we were so late with the work, that we were both too tired to do anything but go to bed that evening; and something happened the next evening that again prevented her speaking to me, and that is what I am going to tell you about now. Since my master and mistress went from home, we have had a young gentleman to sleep here (though I am sure I do not think he is a gentleman at all). He is one of the clerks in my master's office; his name is Naylor; and my mistress thought it would not be safe to leave the house without a man in it; and I suppose they put some trust in him, as I have seen him at the house several times since I have been here. The night before last, he rung his bell for the bed candle, and Abigail told me to take it in (she puts a great deal of her work upon me, now my mistress is away). So I took the candle in and set it on the table, and was just going out, when he said, "Stop, Patience, I want to speak to you."

So I turned round and curtsied, and said, "Yes, if you please, sir." "You are a very pretty girl, Patience!" said he, "don't you think so yourself?" "I am sure, sir, I don't know," said I. "Oh!" said he, "don't tell me that, you know you are; and if you do not, I do know that you are a very pretty girl; so come and give me a kiss with that sweet little mouth of yours." "No! Mr. Naylor," I said, "I shall do no such thing, sir." "Oh! wo'n't you," said he, "then I shall take one myself." And he jumped up, and I ran to the door, but he got there first, and set his back against it, and said, "Now you are my prisoner, and I shall not let you go till you give me one—so what will you do, pretty Patience?" "Why, sir, I shall ring the bell, and then one of the other servants will come;" and I ran to the bell, and had got hold of the handle, when he called out, "Stop, Patience, you little cruel thing! I will let you go this once, but the next time, remember!" "Next time, sir," says I, "you will not have an opportunity;" and I dashed out at the door. Abigail was just going down the stairs; "Why, child!" said she, "what is the matter? You look quite in a passion!" "And so I am," said I; and I told her all about it; but instead of her being angry too, she laughed, and said I was a foolish little prude; and that many a girl would be proud to have a gentleman kiss her. "Well, then," says I, "I am not one of them; I think a girl should know herself too well to let any man take such a liberty." Then she laughed again, and said, "Who knows, but he would make you Mrs. Naylor some day? there are a great many gentle-

men who marry servants: I don't despair for myself. Some gentlemen are very fond of pretty servant girls, and will often pay them attention before fine ladies." "Then I think they might be ashamed of themselves," said I. "My mother says, that people are much happier to marry in their own rank, as well as more fit for it." "Oh! dear me," says she, "when shall we come to the end of your mother's wisdom? It makes me quite sick to hear of it." And so she flounced off; and I went and told Mrs. Trubody, who said I had done quite right, and that Abigail's talk was both foolish and wicked, "Because," said she, "if you had not been better taught, like many poor girls, you might have been led into sin and trouble; for it is not often, my dear, that a kiss ends with a kiss. A virtuous servant girl is as good as the finest lady in the land, and has no right to be insulted, or to suffer impertinence from anybody; no, not from the biggest lord in the land—nor yet even from a king himself; but you shall not go into the parlour to wait on Mr. Naylor any more; I will do it myself first." And so we went to bed, but it was a long time before I went to sleep—I had been so upset; and Mrs. Trubody had not had the talk with me that she meant to have; and so as you say, mother, we never know what a day may bring forth, nor what dangers and difficulties we may get into.

So no more at this time, from your loving and dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER VI.

DEAR MOTHER,

I FELT almost sure my last letter would make you anxious about me, because of Abigail's bad example, and from what I told you of Mr. Naylor; but don't be uneasy, dear mother. I hate and despise Abigail's ways, and I am sure I shall not copy them; and as to Mr. Naylor, I think his behaviour was impudent and ungentlemanly; and I shall take care to keep out of his way for the future; and you see, Mrs. Trubody is like a mother to me, so, as I said before, don't be uneasy, and then I will tell you everything, and you can always send me good advice.

We have now got the painters in the house; and Abigail is all day long laughing and talking with one or other of the men. Yesterday afternoon, she dressed herself out very smart, took a piece of broderie in her hand, and set herself down in my mistress's bed-room, where one of the men was at work; and there she was chatting with him, wasting his time as well as her own. Mrs. Trubody sent me into the room for something; and there they were, standing together, looking at a picture. He had laid his hand on her shoulder, but took it off when I went in, and said, in a very familiar way to me, "Well, my dear, what is your business here?" "I am not

your dear," I said, "and you have nothing to do with my business." "Hoity, toity!" said he, "you'll make a first-rate flirt by and bye!" Then they both laughed, and Abigail said I was a little Methodistical prude, and at this, they laughed again; and he said, "Aye, aye, we shall see in a year or two; she'll come round like the rest of you," and tapped Abigail on the cheek. I was so angry and disgusted to see her allow the man to take such a liberty, that I did not stop another moment, but went out and slammed the door behind me, and then I heard peals of laughter.

I can't think how it is, I get out with everybody except Mrs. Trubody; she is just like you, and talks very much in the same sort of way. When the young painter left his work that evening, Abigail went with him to the door; I heard him say, "Highbury Barn, remember!" She laughed, and said, "I'll remember the light frantic toe," or something like that; so I guessed she was going out with him, and I determined to watch. If she goes out at the front door we cannot see her in the kitchen, so I went to the landing window; and about eight o'clock, I saw her go out with a beautiful Barege dress of my mistress's on—and her hoops were so large, that they nearly covered the pavement as she swung herself along; her bonnet was only just on the back of her head, almost covered with artificial flowers. Everybody, as she passed them, turned round to look at her. My very heart died within me, when I saw my mistress's clothes on her, and I hardly know how I got into the kitchen. "Why! bless me, child, what's the matter?"

said Mrs. Trubody; "you look as white as a sheet! do you feel ill?" "Oh! no; I am not ill, I'm only frightened;" and then I told her about Abigail. Without saying a word, she went upstairs directly, and locked every drawer and closet that she found open, and tied the keys all together, and locked them up in a drawer in her own room, and I heard her saying to herself, "I ought to have seen to this before; it was a great oversight, but I did not suspect she would have done that."

Then she came and sat down again. "And now, Patience Hart," says she, "you and I will have a little conversation together." When she is going to speak seriously, she always says "Patience Hart;" at other times, she says "Child," or "Patience," or "My dear;" but now, she said, "Patience Hart," I knew it was going to be a serious talk, and I sat down to listen to her. She had put the tea-things away, and laid her Bible on the table, and her spectacles upon it; she always does so when she sits down in the evening. "Patience Hart," says she; "my dear child, if I could, I would not only keep you from being wicked yourself, but I would keep you ignorant of the wickedness that goes on in the world, because sin is a dirty thing, and you cannot even know about it without getting some defilement; but some kinds of sin in these days have become so bold-faced and shameless, that we cannot hide them even from children; and the only thing we can do for them, is to give them advice and warning. Your dear mother wishes me to do a mother's part by you, and if she did not, I should do

it myself not the less, for I love you, Patience; and it would cut me to the heart to see you go wrong." "Oh! I hope," said I, "you don't think I am doing anything wrong now!" "No, my dear, no, not at all," said she, "but you might any day, because you are surrounded by temptation and danger, and you are very ignorant as yet, both of the world and of yourself." "What do you think I am so very ignorant about?" said I; "I have learned a great many things since I came here." "Yes," said she, "yes, you have made very good progress in the house-work; but there's heart-work as well, Patience, and perhaps you may not have made so much progress there." "Will you tell me what you think I don't know?" said I. "Well, Patience, I daresay you don't know that you are a sinner," said she; "a real sinner!" "Oh! Mrs. Trubody," said I, "you don't really think I am a sinner, do you?" "Yes, Patience," she said, "I do; and I don't mean to vex you, child; but you will find it out one day yourself, better than I can teach you." "Oh!" said I, "I hope I shall never find *that* out; I am sure I wish to be good." "I think you do, my dear, and that is the reason why I want to talk to you," said she; "for you will see a great deal that is wrong, and you will hear a great deal that is very bad, and you will find people ready to tempt you to evil, and your own heart may be inclined to join in with them; so that unless you resolutely set yourself in the right way, determined not to do what is wrong, you will be in great danger of being drawn away. You must stand upon your

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own conscience, Patience, and not be afraid of what it may bring upon you." "You mean what my father says, 'tell the truth, and shame the devil,'" says I. "Yes, *that*, and a great deal more beside. Now, Patience, I am sorry, and I am ashamed to say, that the young girls in our country are not what they should be, and I think, every year they are getting worse; I am sure I don't know what is to become of us; since I have been here, I daresay we have had between twenty and thirty servants, and so I speak from experience; they are constantly obliged to be sent away from one cause or other. I don't say they are all to blame, poor things! Some have been brought up so carelessly by their mothers, that they make more work than they do; and others have been brought up with such bad examples round them, that they are not safe to have in a respectable family, especially where there are children; and others are so set upon dress and finery, and sweethearts, that all their thoughts are given to them, and they take no interest in the work they have engaged to do. I should say, there would not be more than two girls out of twenty, that would think to herself, when she went to a new place, 'Now, my mistress agrees to give me my wages, food, and lodging—and I agree to give her, my time, and strength, and willing service.' No! but this is what they think about, to get a light place and great wages, to dress like ladies and get sweethearts, and to spend all they get, and let the future take care of itself; and through the dress, and the sweethearts, they are constantly led on to ruin. A good

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virtuous woman is worth her weight in gold in these days, when girls seem to value their character, less than the foolish pieces of work they waste their time upon. I declare, child, that the flippant lightness and immodesty of our young women, makes me, an old woman, blush for myself. I will say, that a noble, virtuous, industrious, and tender-hearted woman is the most beautiful work of God. Some people think a man is: I don't myself; they are, as a rule, more selfish, and so they have not so much of the mind of Christ—at least I think so; but a good woman, grown up good from a girl, faithful, modest, true, patient, sweet-tempered, industrious, and brave, with religion crowning all, I say with Solomon, her price is far above rubies. Wherever she is, she is a blessing and a joy; she may be rich, or she may be poor, but it is all the same; she will be found out; the world is wanting good women to train good men. What can we expect from the woman, whose first child is born before she is married, or directly after, as seems to be the practice now; Why—her married life, which should be her honour, is begun in shame and contempt, and her going on is mostly like the beginning, and her children are in the same image—not always, thank God, but they can expect nothing else; the mother's example is the thing that weighs with children. Patience! you are a young girl to be talked to about things like these, but every child knows them now." "Oh! yes, Mrs. Trubody," I said, "when I went to school, all the girls almost, had a sister, or cousin, or some relation, that had 'scandalously let herself down,' as my

mother calls it, and there were lots of children that had no father; and my mother warned me a good deal before I came away from home, for she said she must get before-hand with the devil, and talk to me about it; 'Forewarned is forearmed,' said she." "Very true, my dear; now I want you to set your face like a flint, to scorn, and hate, and shun all these bad ways, and to grow up a good true-hearted woman, who can hold up her head anywhere, modestly and fearlessly." "I mean to be such a woman as that; that is what I do mean, Mrs. Trubody; and I don't mean to be the sinner you take me to be." "My dear," she said, "you don't quite understand me, but I will explain what I mean about that another day; but at the present time, take care you are not drawn into sin by bad example, nor yet even to think lightly of it. I have talked to Abigail. I have told her I shall hide nothing from her mistress; but you see, her heart is set upon folly and wickedness. We shall see how it will end—badly, I am sure; but don't get yourself in any way drawn in with her. She may very likely try her coaxing ways upon you to get her out of this scrape about the dress, for she will find the drawers locked, and she will want to put it by before my mistress comes home—so be upon your guard." "I will," said I; "she shall not find me help her, I can tell her." "Well, my dear," said she, so kindly, "Pray to God for wisdom and strength, 'for he who trusteth in his own heart is a fool'; and now read me the 37th Psalm, and then you had better go to bed. I shall sit up for Abigail, for I will not lock the door against her."

And now I think with this long talk, I had better end my letter. Mrs. Trubody sends her love to you, and she is very much obliged to you for your invitation. She says whenever she gets a chance of being spared to pay a visit, she should like above all things to come and see you, for she is sure she should like you, and that you would find plenty of things to talk about. I wonder when I shall come and see you—but I must not think of that for a long while yet. So now with my love to you all, and to all enquiring friends, especially Phœbe Hunt, I remain,

. Your loving and dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER VII.

DEAR MOTHER,

I THANK you for your kind letter, and I am glad to hear you are all well and prospering; and I am very glad that you put confidence in my good will and intention to do right. I hope you will never be disappointed in me. I don't mean that you should; but I am glad that you pray for me, because I am sure your prayers must do me good. I believe Mrs. Trubody prays for me; she told me she did one day. I doubt Abigail has nobody to pray for her, for she is going on worse and worse, as you shall now hear, for I am certain you will all be wanting to know about her before anything else. Well; she did not get back from the dance at Highbury Barn till past twelve o'clock. Mrs. Trubody tells me that it is a very beautiful garden, where a great many people go to walk about, and they have all sorts of amusements and dancing, and there is a great deal that is very bad going on there; she would not have me go upon any account. Of course, as Abigail was up so late all night, she was very late in the morning, and only came down as we were sitting at our breakfast; and then she was as cross as two sticks. She hardly spoke to Mrs. Trubody, but she was uncommonly good-tempered to me. She said once, "Why, Patience,

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you are growing quite a pretty girl! you'll soon have all the young fellows after you." "I hope not," says I; "at any rate, *I* shall not go after them." "Of course not," says she. "It would be much to their credit, if *other people* did not do it," said Mrs. Trubody. "As to that," replied Abigail, "when a young man and woman are engaged, it is all right then for them to be together as often as they can." "But you don't mean to say that you are engaged to that wild young painter!" said Mrs. Trubody. "But indeed I do," said she; "Alfred and I are engaged to be man and wife." "Well, then," said Mrs. Trubody, "I can only tell you, that you will be obliged to have him in partnership with half the silly girls of this place; I hear he gets a new sweetheart at every house he works at, and that many of them have had to rue the day he came to the house, and their own folly in seeking his company. I hope, Abigail, you will not be one of them." "'Tis all a falsehood," said she; "he told me himself, he had not one sweetheart now—he had given them all up for me." "And the next house he goes into," replied Mrs. Trubody, "he will tell the girl there, that he has given up you for her." "I never will believe it," said Abigail; "he is a very good hand at his trade; and if he has been a little wild, and made a little too free with drink, he don't mean to do so any more; he says I shall chain him to his home, and so you need not say anything more against him, for I will not hear it;" and she bounced up from the table and out of the kitchen; but when she had got a few steps up the stairs, she called me to

go up into the drawing-room to help her to clean and arrange the furniture; so I went, and found her uncommonly free and chatty. "How you are grown, Patience," said she, "since you came here! I should hardly know you for the same prim little thing you looked the first day I let you in. Alfred says you will make a very handsome girl, only you don't dress well." "What's the matter with my dress?" says I. "Well, for one thing, your dresses hang down so straight, you look the same size all the way down." "Well," says I, "how do you think I should get to the sink to wash up, if I had your hoops on? And when I have to stand by the fire, stirring the things in the saucepans, I should be pretty sure to set myself on fire, with my petticoats bouncing about nobody knows where; and Mrs. Trubody says that many a foolish girl has lost her life through the folly of these hoops." "Oh! Mrs. Trubody," says she; "she always has some bugbear to frighten the girls with; but really, Patience, if I were you, I would not make myself quite so particular in my dress." "I did not know that I was particular," said I; "What's wrong besides my skirt?" "Well!" says she, "your bonnet comes on too far, and makes you look such a dowdy; you should throw it further back—and then you have no trimming upon it!" "It has a pretty curtain," said I, "and a ribbon across it." "Oh!" said she, "I don't call that anything; you should have some ribbons or flowers—and as you are a good-natured girl, I'll give you some very pretty rosebuds I have, to put inside your bonnet; they would make you look quite a differ-

ent thing; I'll go and get them, and shew them to you." "Oh! no, thank you," said I, "I don't wish for them; my mother said when she put the border in, that my rosy cheeks would do instead of flowers." "Now, Patience," says she, "do oblige me, and don't for everlasting be talking about what your mother said; 'tis childish, to say the least of it, and looks as if you were still in leading strings; you don't hear me talking about my mother so." "No!" said I; "I should not know if you had father, or mother, or brother, or sister; you don't seem to me to love anybody." "Ah!" said she, "you don't know how I love Alfred." "Well," says I, "I don't see how you can be so fond of him; you did not know him a fortnight ago; and not to care about your mother, that you have known all your life, is right unnatural. I never wish to forget my mother, nor to love anybody better." "Ah!" says she, "you are a child yet—you'll know better some day; but I'll go and get the roses." So off she ran, and in a minute was back again. "There, now! come before the glass," said she, "and you'll see how pretty you look;" and so I'd a mind to see, and she put the roses on each side of my face. "Now," said she, "you really do look beautiful, Patience; your hair is so pretty and dark, that it sets them off well; I'd give anything to have such a head of hair as you have; how you would be looked at, at Highbury Barn! 'tis such a charming place, and so much amusement. I had such a pleasant evening there. I danced ten dances, and had several partners—such handsome, polite young gentlemen." "You don't mean to

say that real gentlemen danced with you, Abigail?" says I. "Indeed I do," said she, "I wonder why not." "Because you are only a servant," says I. "Ah!" says she, "my dear, I can tell you, it isn't so easy to tell a lady from a servant, when she is dressed; you should have seen me last evening, you would not have known but I was as much of a lady as my mistress." "No!" said I, "especially when you had my mistress's dress on!" She coloured at that. "Oh! you little spy," said she; "but you are a good-natured girl, Patience, and won't say anything about it, and I want you to do me a kindness. I had a bad misfortune last night. I was dancing with Alfred, and he was so stupid as to set his foot upon the dress, and tore a great hole in it, and worse than that, it is terribly frayed; I would buy a new width at the shop, but I know my mistress had the whole of the piece, so there is nothing for it, but to darn it up neatly. Now you are such a beautiful darner, that I really do not think it would shew, if you did your very best; do try, Patience, there's a good girl, or I shall get into such a scrape, and you shall have these roses; and some night, if you like, I'll take you to the gardens with me, and Alfred will find you a partner." "Oh! no, thank you," says I, "no partner for me." "But you will darn the dress for me, Patience, won't you, dear?" said she, in her most coaxing way, "and I'll pay you in some way." "Oh! I don't want to be paid," says I; "what I do, I'll do for good nature; after I've done my other work, if you wish, I'll do the best I can for you." "Oh! thank you a thousand

times," said she; and then she went flourishing about the room, singing a foolish song.

When it all came out, about the slit in the dress, I was not so blind but I could see why she had been flattering me about my face, and bribing me with the artificial flowers—so you see I was not taken in with fair words, dear mother, as you are so afraid I shall be; and I must tell you, that when Mr. Naylor rung for his shaving water one morning, and I tapped at his door with it; he called out, "Bring it in, Patience." I only said, "If you please, sir, it stands outside the door," and went away. When I told Mrs. Trubody, she said I did quite right; that there were few young men now-a-days, that could be trusted to speak respectfully to a pretty young servant girl; and she advised me to remember, that I had nothing to do with them but wait upon them.

My letter has been lying in my box a long time unfinished. I have had no time to spare for writing, but I did not like to send it off without telling you about the darn, so now I am going to do it. I told Mrs. Trubody what I had promised Abigail, and she said it was all quite right for me to be good-natured, but that she should not choose to have anything to do with it herself. I fortunately happened to have a skein of silk exactly the right colour. I daresay, Mary will recollect it; it was one we bought when we were marking our samplers at school. Well, I sat down to the job with a good heart. The dress is what they call a Chiné pattern, which does not show spots or darns so much as most others do; and the slit was high up in the skirt amongst the gathers, and I thought,

and Abigail thought too, that it would never be seen, unless my mistress got her attention drawn to it in some way.

Almost every few minutes, Abigail came running to see how I was getting on, and kept praising me and saying how beautifully I worked; she wished she could work half as well. "Then why don't you learn," said I, "instead of doing that crochet work?" "Oh! my dear," said she, "that is fashionable, and so useful for trimmings; you know my worked petticoat? well, I worked that; I suppose it would have cost two pounds or more; it is a beautiful thing, and gives one such a lady-like appearance. I took the pattern from one of my mistress's; my mistress always wears the best work, and has the best patterns; she hates anything paltry. I have often taken copies from her patterns." "Well!" I said, "I think you make very free. Does mistress know it?" "Why no, child, of course not; ladies are very choice over their patterns." I did not wish to speak my mind just then, so I said, "I don't think Miss Murray ever does crochet work, nor even wear it." "No," said she, "she is in mourning; besides, she does not dress at all genteel. I fancy she must be very poor—she dresses so plain; she might almost be taken for your sister, Patience." "Oh! how can you say so, Abigail?" said I, "she is quite a lady, and I am nothing but a country girl, and a kitchen maid, and I think Miss Murray is very genteel in her dress; I feel her to be so very different from myself. I do not know how it is, but when I speak to her, I seem to feel almost more respect than when I

“speak to my mistress.” Abigail laughed and said, “I was a country girl indeed; but living so near Town she had no doubt I should soon learn better, and I might take her word for it, that the sign of a lady was to dress well and fashionably, and that people could not get into good society without it.” “Well,” said I, “Mrs. Trubody told me that an angel with a great red hand, could not get into fashionable society, and you say, that without fine clothes they cannot, so I wonder what good society is; but I don’t mind, I know Miss Murray is a lady, and a sweet young lady too—but here, the darn is finished, what do you think of it?” Then she said, “it was capital, and beautiful; she never saw anything better done, and she was so much obliged to me;” and after she had turned it about in all lights and ways, she folded it up, and said, “Now, Patience, I have another favour to ask of you; I do not wish to do it myself, but I wish you would go and ask Mrs. Trubody for the key of the wardrobe, for I see she has locked it up.” “I’ll go and ask her,” said I, “but I don’t believe she’ll send it.” “And why not, I wonder,” said she, very sharply,—“but go, Patience, there’s a good girl, you are a favourite with the old woman, and can coax her out of it.” “I’ll go,” I said, “and ask her.” As I expected, Mrs. Trubody refused to send the key up, which put Abigail quite into a passion. “An old ill-tempered thing!” said she, “she is always getting some one into a scrape.” “You have got yourself into the scrape,” said I, “you have no one else to blame.” “Well then, she might help me out of

it, if it was not for her ill-nature," said she. "Oh! I do not think she is at all ill-natured," said I, "I think she is very good-natured." "Yes, you are a favourite now," said she, "but wait a bit, and she'll be telling tales of you, and getting you out of your place, as she has done dozens of girls before. I advise you not to tell her every thing, you'll repent of it some day, she'll be telling mistress of you, making a mighty sin of some little foolish thing, and mistress thinks Mrs. Trubody's word is as good as the Bible itself, and no matter what you say, you'll be packed off; take my advice and keep your own secrets; it is not safe for young girls to trust old women, they have no feeling for them." "I am sure she has a great deal of feeling for me," said I, "she is almost like a mother to me, I can tell her anything." "Oh! yes, that's her way; she'll get out all your secrets and then she'll turn round upon you, and you'll find what sort of a friend she is; you see now, she is determined to get me out of this place; she is as spiteful as ever she can be, just about my going out of an evening, (for my part I wonder when servants are to get a little pleasure), and now she won't let the dress be put away, on purpose that my mistress may see it, directly she comes home. I have given you a warning, Patience, and if you don't take it, don't blame me." I felt a little uncomfortable at what she said about Mrs. Trubody, but I am sure, she is a good kind-hearted woman, and I said so. "Very well," says she, "have your own way and take the consequence, but I'm very much obliged to you for your good nature in

helping me, and I'll give you any pleasure I can ; I should think I was more fit for a friend for a young girl, than an old woman near sixty." "Well," says I, "Abigail, my mother—" "Oh ! my mother again," said she, laughing, "good-bye, Patience;" and away she ran,—and I am sure I must run away from my letter, I wonder how much I shall have to pay for it; but I have written it very small, and crowded it, that it might not be overweight.

I shall expect a very long letter in reply to this. Give my duty to the schoolmaster and mistress, and my love to the girls, and with my best love to you all,

I am your loving and dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER VIII.

DEAR MOTHER,

THE family has now been at home nearly three weeks ; we had pretty hard work to get it all nicely finished, because Abigail left us nearly all her work to do ; she was either out visiting or working at her own clothes : but Mrs. Trubody and I were determined to have it done well, and when she and I walked through all the rooms just before the carriage drove to the door, it looked, as she said, " as nice as a new pin."

We all went to the door to receive them and take the luggage. The first words I heard were from Master Gerald ; he called out, " Patience, I have got a pretty present for you !" " And so have I !" said Miss Edith ; " And so have I, Patience !" said Miss Rose. Well, there was a regular bustle, and we ran away with the bags and boxes into the different rooms, after we had uncorded them and taken off the wrappers.

As it chanced, both Abigail and I went into mistress's room at the same time, and I saw her directly throw a cloak over the unlucky dress, which she had folded up small, and laid on a chair behind the door, and then sent me for the keys of the wardrobe and drawers, and so she managed to pop it away without being seen. I never saw anybody so cunning as she is. Miss

Murray did not come back with the family; she is gone for her holiday.

After dinner, when mistress had rested herself, she went into all the rooms and looked at every thing, and she seemed well satisfied, and said, it did us great credit, and she hoped we had all been well and comfortable; she did not expect an answer, but went on asking a number of questions, and giving some directions. She brought us all a present from Brighton; mine is a pretty piece of lilac print for a frock; it will be very useful to me, for I have nearly grown out of the oldest I brought with me. When I went into the nursery to help Judith to put the things away there, the children seemed overjoyed to see me. "Oh! Patience," said Miss Edith, "we did want you so at Brighton, to make ponds in the sand;" "And I wanted you to get stones for me to throw into the sea;" "And I wanted you to help me to look for the sea-weed and the little shells." "I suppose you enjoyed yourselves very much," I said. "No, not very much," said Miss Rose; "we had nobody to play with us, and Judith would not let us dig with the spades mamma bought us, because she said we made ourselves so wet." "And Judith would not let me run about as I liked; she said I should get into the sea; wasn't she silly, Patience?" said Master Gerald. "I am glad we are home again," said Miss Rose, "grandmamma could not bear any noise in the house, so we could not play at all, and Edith often got into disgrace because she did not mind Judith." "And you got into disgrace too, Rosie, because you told mamma

that Judith shook baby, and mamma said she would not have any tales told, and Judith was very angry with you." "Yes, I know it," said Miss Rose, quite mournful like. "Well, I am glad I am at home again," said Master Gerald, "because I don't like to be bathed in the sea; I hate that nasty old woman with that blue gown on. She said I was a pretty little gentleman, and then she put me into the water all over my head, and the water was so nasty, Patience; I never will go in again, I never will," said he, strutting about in the nursery. "And now let us give Patience her presents," said Miss Rose. "Oh! yes, here's mine," said Master Gerald; and he opened a little piece of paper, in which he had screwed up two little pink shells that he had found on the beach. "Now, aren't they pretty, Patience? I brought them for you, don't you like them very much?" So I said, "they were beautiful and that I would take care of them, and never lose them." "And don't lose mine either, Patience," said Miss Edith, and she showed me a nice little pincushion that she had bought for me. "I bought it all with my own money, Patience," said she; "how much do you think it cost?" "Oh! I am sure I don't know," I said; "I think it must be very dear, it is so pretty." "Now guess, Patience," said she, "do guess." "Well, a shilling," I said. "No," said she, "guess again, and then if you are not right I will tell you." "Ninepence," I said. "No, you are quite wrong, Patience; it only cost sixpence; but isn't it pretty? and you will be sure not to lose it, but call it a keepsake." I said,

"I would be sure to keep it as long as I lived."
"But you may use my present," said Miss Rose.
"I bought it on purpose for you to use; it is this little box with some reels of cotton, and a needle-book in it, and Miss Murray has put in a nice sharp-pointed pair of scissors for you; won't it be very useful to you, Patience?" I said "it would be very useful indeed, and I could help them to make their dolls' clothes with the cotton."
"Oh! so you can," they said altogether, and they jumped about and called me "good Patience!" and "dear Patience!" Just as they were in the height of it, Judith came in. "I do wish," said she, "that you would not make all this noise; 'tis just like 'Bedlam broke loose,' when the children are with you, Patience; here I have been rocking Master Alfred more than half an hour, and I can't get him off to sleep; do be still, I say, or else I'll go and tell your mamma." At this, they all looked quite put down, and little Gerald put his hand in mine and said, "What shall we do, Patience?" "Oh!" I said, "you shall all help me to put your things into their proper places; Miss Rose shall unpack the box, and Miss Edith and Master Gerald shall bring the things to me, and I will put them all in the drawers, and then you will know where to find them; and we'll all go on tip-toes like little mice, and not make the least noise, and we'll see who can be the quietest." This exactly suited them; and then they were as busy as little bees, stepping about on tip-toe, and bringing the things to me to put away, till the drawing-room bell rang for them all to go down before they went to bed.

I think Judith will spoil these children's tempers; she is never cheerful with them, and everything seems a trouble, as if she had no love for them. If it were not for Mrs. Trubody, I should like to be in the nursery. I am so fond of the children, and they are so fond of me, the dear little hearts!

And now, as Mary says, I never tell you of any of my misdeeds, I will tell you of one that I am heartily ashamed of, for I am sure I do not wish to puff myself up, as if I were so very good and clever; and you will think I am not, when you have read this.

Yesterday, we had rather an early dinner, at four o'clock; there were three gentlemen and a lady to dine, who were going off by the six o'clock train. We had a very nice dinner indeed; and amongst the sweets was one that Mrs. Trubody calls velvet cream. The company all liked it surprisingly; and my mistress said that her cook quite excelled in making it. Well, it was all eaten but a very small piece—quite a little mite. Mrs. Trubody generally has me put the food away into the larder or pantry, and she has said many times that she can trust me because I don't pick them about like many girls, and spoil the look of them; but I can't tell what bewitched me—the moment I saw this little mite of the cream, my mouth watered for it so, that I at once put my fingers into it, and it was so good and such a little bit I thought it would never be called for again, and I eat it all up. I did not tell Mrs. Trubody, for to tell you the truth, after I had eaten it, I felt a little ashamed of myself. Well, in the

evening, Mr. Naylor came, and there is always a little supper brought in when he is here, because I believe he dines early. Abigail was engaged about something else, and I carried in the supper tray; and you may think how I felt when my mistress said, "Mr. Naylor, I know you are fond of velvet cream; Patience, bring in what was left from dinner to-day." Down I went into the kitchen. "Mrs. Trubody," says I, "what shall I do? I eat up the little piece of velvet cream that came out from dinner; and my mistress has just ordered me to bring it up for Mr. Naylor; what shall I do?" "Well, Patience," says she, as quiet as possible, "if you can take it up, do so, if not, there is nothing for you but to go and say you eat it." "But oh!" says I, I shall be so ashamed." "Well," says she, "if you were not ashamed to eat it, I don't see why you should be ashamed to confess it." "But, oh dear! Mrs. Trubody, what shall I say?" "Tell the truth," says she; "say you eat it." Here the bell rung, for I had been a good while out of the room. When I went in, my mistress said, "You have been a long long time, Patience, but why have you not brought the cream?" "If you please, ma'am," I said, "I am very sorry, ma'am, but—I eat it." "Very sorry, indeed!" said she, "and very much ashamed, I should think, Patience." "Yes, ma'am, I am sure I am," I said; and I could not keep my tears in, and I am sure my face was scarlet, and they all looked at me. "I am very sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Naylor," said my mistress. "Oh!" said he, "pray do not mention it, I don't care the least about it; and to tell

the truth, I don't think I am so particularly fond of it." I knew he said this to comfort me, but I was not at all comforted; and I got out of the room as quick as I could; and directly I had shut the door, I heard them all laughing. I was so angry with myself that I could have bit my little finger off; but I have learned that lesson at any rate. The velvet creams, and custards, and pies, and all the other good things, shall get bad and mouldy before I will touch a drop or a crumb of them again.

But my troubles were not all at an end yet. The drawing-room bell rung for me to open the hall door for Mr. Naylor to go out. His foot was just on the step, when he turned about, and put his arm round me, and said, "Now, Patience, I shall have a kiss." "No, sir, you shall not!" says I; and I gave him a great push, and slammed the door upon him with such a bang, that my master came hastily out of the drawing room, and said, "Do you think that a proper way to show gentlemen out of the house, Patience?" "I don't think, sir, that Mr. Naylor is a gentleman at all," said I. "Mr. Naylor not a gentleman! What do you mean, girl?" said he. "I mean, sir, that Mr. Naylor does not behave himself like a gentleman." "What has he done to you?" said he. "Well, sir, he tried to kiss me, and that is not the first time either; and I don't think, sir, it is behaving at all like a gentleman, to take such liberties with servants." "I am quite of your opinion," said he, "and I shall speak to Mr. Naylor about it." "I am sure, sir, I wish you would," said I, "for I can't bear to see Mr. Naylor come into the

house." "I will certainly do it," said he; "and you were quite right not to allow such a liberty." And I have no doubt my master has kept his word, for it is now nearly a fortnight since, and Mr. Naylor has not once been into the house, and he used regularly to come two evenings in the week. So I should advise all servants who wish to cure these young gentlemen of their impudence, to tell their master or mistress about them, and they'll know how to give them a lesson.

I suppose he thought, as I had disgraced myself that night, it would be a good time to let me down a little lower; but now he finds the tables are turned upon him.

You have had to wait a long time for this letter, but you will not complain of its being a short one now. I wish you would send me some news about Mark—poor fellow. I often dream about him; last night I dreamt he was killed in battle, but I hope that is nothing but a dream. So now good bye, and with my best love to all, I am, your dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER IX.

DEAR MOTHER,

SINCE Miss Murray has been away, Judith has always heard the children say their prayers when they go to bed; but it is not the same thing as when Miss Murray heard them; she used to be so kind and gentle, and when they had finished the little regular prayer they always make, she asked them if they had not had anything that day to be particularly thankful for; and if they could not remember, she used to tell them of some pleasure they had enjoyed, or some kindness that had been shown to them; and then she used to ask them if there was no fault they had to confess, and ask God to forgive; and so she used to help them on; and I used to think it was very pretty to hear the little dears say their prayers one after another. But Judith is so impatient with them! She hurries them on; and if they make mistakes in the prayer, she scolds them, and she will not let them add anything of their own, except it is what she tells them to say. One evening, I heard her dictating to Miss Rose to say, "Pray God forgive me for being such a wicked girl as to tell lies about Judith." The child did not say it directly, and she said, "Well, get up then, if you will not confess your sins; but remember, God will not forgive you, and there's no knowing what

bad place you'll go to." I heard the child sobbing after she was in bed, and I went to her and said, "Don't cry, Miss Rose." She flung her dear little arms round my neck and said, "Oh! Patience, I did not tell lies about Judith—indeed I did not." "No, Miss," I said, "I am sure you did not; and it is very wicked of Judith to say so; and I am sure you will go to heaven, Miss Rose, if anybody does." "Oh!" said she, "Patience, I hope I shall; I could not bear to go to that bad place." "You never will, dear," I said, "so go to sleep, there's a dear young lady." It was only last evening, I was in the nursery helping them to undress and put away their things, when Miss Rose said to me, "May I say my prayers to you to-night, Patience?" "Yes, Miss, I should like to hear you very much;" for I thought she should not say them again to Judith, if I could help it. So she went into her little room, which is a very small one, and she has it to herself, because the bed is not big enough for two. She knelt down by the bed, and put up her two dear little hands, and said her prayer quite perfectly; and then she said, "Oh! God, pray forgive me because I don't love Judith—I do try, but I can't love her, I will try again to-morrow;" and then she said, "Oh! God, I thank you because Patience is so kind to me, and I do love Patience;" and then she put her arms round my neck, and kissed me, and said, "Patience, how do you think I can love Judith?" "Oh! miss," I said, "I don't see that you can love her, she is so cross and spiteful to you." "Yes, Patience," said she, "but Miss Murray says we

must try to love everybody, and pray for those who spitefully use us and persecute us." "Well miss," I said, "I don't see how that is to be done; it seems to me quite unnatural." "But, Patience, good people do love their enemies—Jesus Christ did, you know." "Well, dear," I said, "I think you had better go to sleep now;" so I tucked her up nice and snug, and bid her good night; but just as I was going out of the door, she called me back and said, "Patience, may I say my prayers to you till Miss Murray comes back again?" "Yes, dear," I said, "I should like to hear you." "Thank you, Patience," said she.

I am sure it is very odd, that my mistress does not see how unpleasant Judith is to the children; she is never cheerful herself, and so she checks and worries them till they are all fretful. No later than this morning, my mistress said to Judith, she thought all the children wanted a little medicine, they seemed so fretful; and Judith said she thought they did, they were so fretty, she was sure she did not know what to do with them; and so my mistress told her to give them all a little magnesia to cool them. I was so sorry they had to take medicine, for one or other of them is sure to get into trouble about that; and I know, if they had only come out for a game of play with me, their fretfulness would all have been gone. It strikes me that my mistress is rather afraid of Judith; she has been with her a long time; and as she is hardly ever in the nursery herself, she leaves all the management there to Judith.

The children only go into the parlour two or three times in the day; their mamma says they

are too much for her, and she cannot bear the fatigue; beside, she has a great many ladies to call upon her, and she makes a great many visits herself; and then they often have staying company, as well as parties; so as she says, she really has not time to give to the children. I should have thought the children were of the most consequence. I shall be very glad when Miss Murray comes back again, for then they will have regular hours, and the children are so fond of her.

My mistress says that Judith is a very pious person. I wonder what that means *exactly*: I don't think it can mean religion, because she is not at all like you, and I know you are religious; and she is not like Mrs. Trubody, and I know she is religious, though she does not talk half so much about it as Judith does; but she talks about God and good things in such a different way. When I hear her, I wish to be good too, and go to heaven; but when Judith talks, she always makes me feel wicked. She never will give up any of her "religious privileges," as she calls them, for when Master Alfred was poorly, cutting his teeth, she persisted in going to a prayer-meeting, though she saw my mistress wished her to stay at home. She said she felt it on her conscience not to neglect the means of grace, and that I could sit with the child as well as she could; so mistress let her go. She said she was very conscientious. Well, I thought it was very selfish, and that she would have got quite as much good by doing her duty at home; but I suppose I don't know—she says I don't, and that I have no more real religion than a heathen.

But I told her a bit of my mind this evening, for I have been brewing all the day since the medicine. I really am afraid she will spoil my temper, she is so aggravating.

I saw Miss Rose making a little pincushion with a piece of pretty pink ribbon; and when it was finished, she brought it to me, and said, "Do look, Patience! I have made this for Judith—do you think it is pretty? do you think she will like it?" "I am sure she ought," I said, "for it is a beauty." "I am going to give it to her," she said; and she went in a very shy way, as if she was afraid, and said, "Judith, will you like to have this pincushion? I have made it for you." Judith was very cross at the time, and answered, "No, child, I have plenty of cushions. I don't want any more; I suppose you think to come round me in that way, but you won't, miss, I can tell you; there, go away." I was quite in a passion, and could hardly speak plain. "Judith," says I, "if you behave to Miss Rose in that shameful way, I will go and tell my mistress, I will, and no one shall prevent me; 'tis cruel and wicked too, it is, and I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself." She turned round upon me in the most scornful way. "I should advise you to do so, Patience," said she, "as soon as you have got over your passion; go, and tell your mistress all about it; I advise you to go, and much she'll believe of what you say; you really are beginning to think yourself a person of great importance—I suppose you are intending to be head nurse here—no doubt you think yourself quite competent to take my place. You had

better go directly to your mistress, and tell her how shamefully I behave to Miss Rose." "Yes, do go, Patience," said Miss Edith, "and tell mamma how cross Judith is to dear Rosie." "Yes, do go, Patience," said little Gerald, "and tell mamma that Judith is wicked, and cruel, and shameful to dear Rosie; do go, Patience." "No, don't go, Patience," said Miss Rose, "I had rather you would not." "Why, Rosie dear?" said Miss Edith. She hesitated, and then said in a whisper, "Because I should not like to have anybody tell tales of me." Now, if that child is not religious, I don't know who is. I am sure I felt quite ashamed of being in such a passion myself, only I could not help it; so I caught hold of Master Gerald's hand, and said, "Come, let us go to the rocking-boat, and you shall all have a good ride before you have your tea; and away they ran, and they got their spirits up a good deal sooner than I did. I am more in the nursery now Miss Murray is away, and so I see more of Judith's fratching ways with the children. I am sure there never were better children, if only they had some one to manage them properly. I am thankful that Miss Murray will be home next week. I quite long to see her again, and we shall be all right then.

So no more at present; except my love, and I am,

Your loving and dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER X.

DEAR MOTHER,

WE have had terrible doings here since I last wrote; it is all found out about the dress, and I will now tell you how it happened. One morning, Abigail came running to me quite in a fright, and said, "Goodness! gracious! Patience, what did you do with the skein of silk you darned my mistress's dress with? She has just rung the bell for me into her room, and held up a skein of silk, and said it did not belong to her; she should like to know who it did belong to. My heart jumped into my mouth, for I saw in a moment, it was your skein of silk; but I looked at it quite carelessly, and said I thought it was yours; I had seen a skein of silk that colour in your work-box. 'Tell Patience to come to me directly,' said she, and I am sure, by the way she spoke, she had seen the darn. She had the dress on last evening, you know, and I began to think we were quite safe now." "You mean that *you* were quite safe," said I. "Well, never mind that," said she; "but do try and recollect where you put the silk." I tried, and all at once it flashed on my mind that I had pinned the silk to the dress whilst I was at work upon it, to have it more handy, and I could not recollect taking it off. "Oh! goodness me," said she, "then she

has found it there—but now, Patience, for pity's sake, do not get me into a scrape; don't tell my mistress how it has happened." "You have got yourself into the scrape," said I, "I will not tell of you if I can help it, but I shall not tell a lie to screen myself nor you either." Just then, the bell in my mistress's room rang very sharply. "That's for you," said she; "but oh! Patience, do clear me." So I went and tapped at the door. I declare I trembled like a leaf; and I am sure I do not know how I looked when I opened the door and went in. My mistress's face was quite flushed. "Patience Hart," said she, quite sharp, "is this silk yours?" "Yes, ma'am," I said, "it is." "And pray what piece of work have you been doing with it?" said she. I felt quite dumbfounded, and I did not speak, but I felt my colour come and go, just as if I were guilty. "Now," said she, "I insist upon knowing the truth about this; it is very clear by your looks, that you are neither ignorant nor innocent." And she took up the dress. "Did you darn this?" said she, pointing to the place. "Yes, ma'am, I did," I said. "You did!" said she; "and pray what business had you to tear my dress and then darn it?" "I did not tear it, ma'am," said I. "Then who did?" said she; "can you tell me that?" I hesitated again, not wishing to tell of Abigail. "Now," said she, "Patience, it is no use your telling falsehoods; I will know the whole truth of this matter. I found, the other day, with the velvet cream, that you were not perfectly to be trusted; and now, if I find you out in a falsehood, I shall have to consider whether I shall keep

you in my service." "I took the cream, ma'am, I know," said I, "and I am very sorry for it; but I have told you the truth about my darning your dress, and Abigail can tell you how it was torn better than I can; and I wish you would ask her." My mistress caught hold of the bell-pull and gave it a sharp pull, which brought Abigail to the door. She looked very pale; but she said quite easily, "Do you want me, if you please, ma'am?" "Yes, Abigail," said my mistress; "shut the door. Patience tells me that this is her silk, and that she darned this great slit in my dress; but she says you can tell me more about the tearing of it than she can." I saw that Abigail was much relieved to find I had not told of her; and she answered quite glibly, "Oh! yes, indeed, ma'am, Patience is quite right; she does not know anything about the tear, no more than I do myself, indeed, only so far; after you were gone to Brighton, I emptied the wardrobe, and dusted it, and I thought it would be as well to shake all your dresses and fold them again; and when I was shaking this, I saw this great slit. 'Dear me,' says I, 'my mistress must have torn this at Major Horton's ball'—you recollect, ma'am, you went to the ball in this dress; and as Patience is a very nice worker, and had some silk just the colour, I thought you would be glad to have it mended before you came home; and it had quite escaped my memory to tell you about it before." "Oh! that is it," said my mistress; then why need Patience have made such a mystery about it? Do you know anything more than that, Patience, for you look so strange, child?" I

daresay I did look strange, for to hear Abigail tell this lie off-hand, made my hair almost stand up with fright. "Oh! no, ma'am," said Abigail, "I am sure she does not know anything more about it; and if you please, ma'am, there's a single knock at the door, shall Patience go and answer it?" "No," said my mistress; "you may go, Abigail; I wish to ask Patience some other questions. Abigail looked daggers at me as she left the room; and I felt as if I should sink through the floor. "Patience," said my mistress, "I don't understand why you did not tell me about this darn directly, instead of sending for Abigail; nor why you should look so very uncomfortable; has not Abigail told me the truth about it?" "She has not told you what she told me, ma'am," I said. "And pray what did she tell you?" said she. "If you please, ma'am," I said, "will you ask Mrs. Trubody?" "No, certainly not," said she, "I do not wish to trouble her about it; tell me directly what you do know." "I don't know anything, ma'am, but what Abigail told me." "Well, and what was that? Shall I never get to the end of this matter? Speak, child, at once." "Abigail told me that she tore it—or at least her partner." Here I stopped quite confused, for my mistress called out, "Her partner! What do you mean, Patience? Has Abigail been wearing my dress?" "Yes, ma'am." "Where?" "At Highbury Barn, one evening at a dance, and her partner stamped on it and tore it." "Good heavens!" said my mistress (I never heard her call out in that way before) "are things like these to take

place in one's own house! and pray when did it happen? How do you know she had it on—are you certain?" said she. "Yes, ma'am," said I, "I saw her go out in it." "Well, these are pretty days!" said she, "when a servant dares to take her mistress's dress and goes in it to a dance in a disreputable place, tears it, gets it mended, and then, forsooth, I am to go in it to a party again myself; if I had known it, I would sooner have put it on the fire and burnt it, than have gone out in it last evening. Tell Abigail to come here directly; and let me advise you Patience, not to help people in their wicked ways, lest you should become like them. You may go—but stop a minute," said she. "Do you remember, when you had been here only a few days, that I came into my room to look for a letter?" "Yes, ma'am." "Had Abigail read that letter?" "Yes, ma'am." "I thought as much," said she. "Now you may go." And she rung the bell for Abigail. I met her at the door. "I could not help it," I said, "it is all out." "You stupid little fool!" she said; and turned as white as a sheet. She was a quarter of an hour in the room; what passed, I do not know; but she came down into the kitchen, half crying and half in a passion. "Well, I'm going," she said, "and that is what comes of having religious fellow-servants; keep me from them in future; 'tis all the fault of you two—I find Mrs. Trubody has been blabbing about my being out at night; and you little spiteful thing," she said, looking at me, "must go and tell all about the dress, when I had got myself so nicely out of it." "Oh! indeed,

Abigail," said I. "Oh! don't talk to me," said she; "you were both determined to get me out of the place." And away she went up-stairs to pack up her things, for she was to leave that very day. When she came down again, Mrs. Trubody went to speak to her; she was crying passionately. "Where are you going to, child?" said kind Mrs. Trubody; "pray don't do any worse than you have done already." "Oh!" says Abigail, "you'll hear of my being dragged out of the New River one of these fine mornings, for there's worse to come than you know of." "But I have suspected it, child, though I did not know it," said Mrs. Trubody; don't, for your own soul's sake, throw yourself away worse than you have done." "Oh!" says she, "it is of no consequence what becomes of me now—the sooner ended the better. My mistress will not give me a character, and I've hardly any money, and money must be had somehow, and there is only one way open that I see." "But you have had good wages," said Mrs. Trubody, "you ought to have some money now." "Oh! yes," said she, "old misers like you, have, but I was always free-handed; I hate miserly ways." Mrs. Trubody did not take any notice of this unkind remark; she only said, "If you have not any money, child, I would rather give you some, than that you should be driven to wicked ways to get it; do tell me where you are going. Have you any friends where you could go to lodge? It is very dangerous for respectable young women to go to strange houses." "Oh! anything will do for me," said she; "I have no friends to take me in." "Where is Alfred?" said Mrs. Trubody.

"If he has promised to marry you, and will stand to his word, you had better let him know you have left your place." "Oh!" said she, scornfully; "he has had his banns published, and he's going to marry that ugly girl, Ann Black; she held him tighter than I did; but I'll poison their happiness, I will; he'll have expenses that he don't reckon of. Good bye; you'll hear of me one of these days I daresay;" and away she went, and Mrs. Trubody sat down on her low chair, rocking herself backwards and forwards, quite sobbing. I was too much upset and frightened to cry, and was glad when I was rung for to go out with the children; but I could not think of anything else; and the children kept asking what was the matter with me, because I was not half so merry as I used to be; and, poor little dears, I could not tell them.

I have made such a long story of this, that I cannot write any more this time—so with my love to all,


I am, your dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER XI.

DEAR MOTHER,

You have not heard from me before, because we have been very short-handed since Abigail went away so suddenly; and we are not yet settled with another servant in her place. When she was gone, Mrs. Trubody said to me, "Now, Patience, this will be no time for any of us to be saying, 'this is *my* work, and that is *your* work,' for we must all be willing to do anything or every-thing." She said she never judged well of a servant who was often saying, "This is not my work;" it showed they were indolent, and not obliging. "Now this is the time for you, child, to show what you can do, and what you are good for." "Well," says I, "they shall see that I am neither indolent nor disobliging." So I have been up an hour before the usual time every morning, that I might get Abigail's, as well my own work done before breakfast, and that has not been very difficult, because she always used to stand a long time gossiping on the steps with the housemaid at the next house. The girl would have stopped me the next morning, when I was sweeping the steps. She said she wanted to know all about Abigail; but I said I had no time to tell her, at which I expect she was affronted, for she has not spoken to me since. Abigail was



very intimate with her, but I don't think she is any better than she should be, for I have often seen people there early in the morning, taking bundles of things away. Mrs. Trubody says, "It does not look well, because, if it was all right, they would come at a reasonable hour, when people were stirring, and the family were up;" and so as Mrs. Trubody says, "I cannot think what the girls can be thinking of."

I have almost been run off my feet in answering the door-bell—we have had so many applications for the place. I am sure some of them looked as if they should have come in their carriages, they were dressed in such an extravagant, unsuitable way, as if they never intended to work. My mistress refused some, and some refused the place. The first question that many of them asked, was, whether a footman was kept, and said, they never took service where there was not one. Some objected to do any needlework; the housemaid here, looks after the house-linen and my master's stockings. Some asked enormous wages and allowance for washing; a few objected to have to attend the family prayers, but the largest part refused, because my mistress said she did not allow her servants to wear crinoline. There was not space, she said, in the drawing-room for herself and her servants too; that is the only thing she is particular about in the servants' dress, but she has set herself against that. Abigail wore very little in the week days; and my mistress either did not see it, or took no notice of it; but on Sundays, she made up for it—she really bounced up against everybody she met in

the street; and as she was sitting in the pew at church, it was quite ridiculous; I often felt quite ashamed of walking with her, the people stared at her so.

I am a long time getting through this letter, because I have had no time for writing; but my mistress has, at last, engaged a servant; she is to come home this evening, so I shall tell you about her in my next letter. I am almost sorry she is coming, for I have quite enjoyed being so busy; and my master and mistress have both praised me. My master said, at breakfast this morning, when I was in the room, "Really, Kate, I think Patience would have done very well for our housemaid; she seems very ready and active." And my mistress said, I had done the work remarkably well; and if I had not been so very young, she should have been inclined to try me; but she said, for my own advantage, I was best where I was for a year or two longer; and she liked to have me a good deal with the children, as they were very fond of me, and very good with me; and she asked me if I should have liked to take the housemaid's place. I told her I preferred being as I was, because I had an opportunity of learning a little of everything, and that I was very fond of the young ladies and gentlemen. "Very well," she said, "then it is all right, but I shall advance your wages a pound, and I am sure you will be obliging to the new servant, and show her where the things are kept, and how I like to have the work done, for I am not equal myself to going much about the house, it fatigues me sadly." I said I should be proud to tell her all I knew; and I thanked her for raising my wages.

I hope the new servant will be agreeable I am sure; it does make such a difference. Mrs. Trubody and I are like two doves in a cage, as she says, and we never have a word amiss; but with Judith and Abigail, I never had a word that was really comfortable.

We don't know where Abigail is—she sent for all her boxes, to be taken to a street, that Mrs. Trubody says has not a good name. Mrs. Trubody often says to me, "Poor thing! poor thing! she'll come to no good; Patience, child, take warning by what you see, and don't try the way of sin for yourself; 'tis a rough road to all that walk in it, though it promises fair." Good bye! we shall have the new housemaid in half an hour. Write soon.

Your loving and dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER XII.

DEAR MOTHER,

I THINK you have been often wondering what has become of me, for I really believe it is nearly a month since I last wrote; the reason has been, that I have had a good deal of work to do, which is not considered to belong to me regularly. Changes in a house make a great deal of work; and Mrs. Trubody has had the influenza, which made her feel so very weak and poorly, that of course, I did all I possibly could to relieve her from her work, so that my fine flourishing pen, as she laughs and calls it, has not had much opportunity to show itself off; but she is better now, and all the work is getting regular again, so I must try and give you a good long letter to make up for the past. Of course, you will want to know about the new servant. She seems good-natured and obliging, and she gets on very well with Judith. They are both of the same "persuasion" as they call it, and they talk about people that they know, "being in a dark hopeless state," as if they were wise enough to see into the very inside of them.

Now, I believe, Judith considers me one of these "dark people," but she has never told me how to be better, and I am sure, she has not set

me a very good example; but Mrs. Trubody, she *preaches* and *practises* too, and a great deal more of the last than the first. She says she hopes she shall one day see me different to what I am. I don't know exactly what she hopes to see me, but I know in her own mind, she thinks me a sinner, because she has told me as much, and that is not at all pleasant; and when I ask her what change it is she hopes to see in me, and in what I am so wicked, she says, I shall find it out, or have it shown to me some day, and that will be best. I know very well that I am very different to Miss Rose; nobody need tell me that. Well, I shall find it out I suppose some day, so I shall watch myself, that I may not be taken unawares.

But I was going to tell you something about Susan, for that is the name of the new servant. No, it is not her real name—that is Rose; but my mistress said it would be inconvenient to have two Roses in the house, and she must choose another name—and she wished to be called Susan, because that is her mother's name; and it is about this mother that I am now going to tell you something.

When Susan had been here a week, there came a strange-looking woman to the kitchen door, down the area, and said she was come for the housemaid's clothes to wash. So I ran upstairs and told Susan there was a woman at the door, come for her clothes. "Oh! it is my mother," she said; "ask her to sit down, Patience, and I will bring them directly." This was the first we had heard of her mother living in Islington.

When I went down stairs, I found her sitting in the scullery; for it seems Mrs. Trubody had not altogether liked the look of her, and she is very particular about asking strangers into the front kitchen, because there is sometimes plate, and such kind of things about. I was in the scullery, preparing vegetables for dinner, and so I went on with my work, when she begun in a very familiar way, "And you are the kitchen-maid, here, my dear, I suppose? Aye, you'll soon have a higher place than that, with such a pretty face as yours." I have noticed, when people want to entice me to do wrong, they begin by praising my face. "Oh!" says I, "I have seen many a plain face riding in a carriage, and many a pretty face down in the streets. I don't see that pretty faces do much good." I was foolish to begin to talk to her in that sort of way, because she said, such a face as mine was sure to win a fortune, and more stupid things like it, and then she changed the subject. "You've a large family here, I suppose?" "Yes," says I; "eleven regularly, children, servants, and all, and very often more." "You'd have a good bit of broken victuals?" said she. "Not so very much," said I; "we don't make much waste in the kitchen." "A deal of dripping, I'd be bound," said she; "You'd roast plenty of great joints, here?" "Yes," said I, "but we have a use for all we make." "You don't say it?" says she. "I suppose the cook sells it? I'd give the very first price for it myself." "Oh! no," says I; "Mrs. Trubody never sells it; what we don't eat ourselves, she gives away." "*Gives!*" says she; "well, that is

particular, and all the wash and grease pot? I'll be bound she'll make something by them." "Well," says I, "I never saw her do it, and I don't think she ever does." "Then may I be so bold as to ask what she does with all the grease, and candles, and such things?" said she, giving me a knowing wink. "Mrs. Trubody is in the kitchen, you can go and ask her," says I; "I daresay she will give you the full particulars." "Oh! no, my dear, not for the world," says she, "but I do a good deal in buying the refuse from cooks, and I always pay the best price. I come as early or late, as ever they like, for it. If your cook don't like to sell, I daresay you could easily help yourself to a few things to sell. I buy of many a young kitchen maid, and many's the pretty ribbon or flower they get through it, I can tell you. You could have a little basket of your own; I'd be bound, you've got wit enough to manage that; you look sensible enough for anything." "Well," says I, "I don't know exactly about that, but I am sensible enough to know that you are a thief; and you shall not stop in this house another minute, so please to go outside the door, and wait till Susan brings her linen." So I went at once, and held the door open, and she was so taken by surprise, that she went sneaking out.

Just then, Susan came down with her linen, and went outside to speak to her mother, and they stood whispering a good while; she came in looking uncomfortable, and went upstairs directly, not stopping as she mostly does, for a gossip; and I went into the kitchen, and told Mrs. Trubody what had happened. She could not help laugh-

ing, when I told her how I had turned the woman out—"but" said she, "Patience, this kitchen refuse, as it is called, is one of the greatest temptations a cook has to be wasteful and dishonest, and I never would put my foot into the snare; so when my mistress said that all the kitchen perquisites would be mine, I resolved they should do me good, and not harm. Nobody that has not heard of it, or seen it, as I have done, can tell the dishonesty that goes on with these perquisites. I am sure that gentlefolks have no idea of the loss they suffer by this plan. If I were a mistress of a house, I never would allow of such a thing, both on my own account, as well as on the servants'.

In a well-managed family, there need be very little broken victuals; and that little, every lady ought to give away to poor deserving people, to get a blessing on the rest. You know, my dear, that I do not think it right, that every piece of cut bread should be called broken victuals, nor yet that new bread should be eaten in the kitchen; many a battle have I had with our servants because I would have the good pieces of bread eaten; it is a sin and a shame to throw them away. I have known a cook cut a thick top crust and bottom crust off every baker's loaf before she set it on the kitchen table." I asked Mrs. Trubody where the cook put them. "Oh! amongst the broken victuals—the refuse, as they call it," said she. "With my own eyes I have seen the candles that had only been just lighted, not half burnt out, put away with it, great pieces of butter, meat—in fact, anything they had under

their hands ; and the richer this refuse, the higher price they get for it. My dear, there's many a cook in this place, that might be put in prison for theft any day of her life, if she had her due. It need not be so; if mistresses would look more carefully after their own interests and their servants' morals—but lack-a-day, mistresses, who should know better, sit in their drawing-rooms, and it is frightful to think of what goes on in the kitchens; and then there's nothing but complaints of bad servants and bad places. Somebody will see the end of these ways, and I am no prophet if they turn out for the honour and prosperity of our country." "I daresay," said I, "that old Jacob is very much obliged to you for the wash you give him for his pig; I am sure he ought to be." "He is very much obliged to me, Patience; but never let it into your mind that people should be so very grateful to you, child, or you may get disappointed, and you may act from a wrong motive." "What do you mean, Mrs. Trubody?" "Why, I mean you may do a right thing from the pleasure it gives yourself, and not because it is your duty to do it. What a great many things we receive from God, and our fellow-creatures, and don't notice them at all, let alone thankfulness—remember *that*, when people do not seem so grateful to you as you expected they would be. And as to the value of this poor wash to me, child—what is it? But it is something to Jacob; and with no cost to myself, I am doing him a real service, for with the little he can afford to spend in barley-meal and such-like, he is able to fat a pig for his family

every year, which makes a deal of difference to them. In such a family as this, there are, of course, a great many potatoe peelings, cabbage and lettuce leaves, and a good deal of vegetable refuse; and many things that cannot be used; besides, weak boilings that would not do for broth or soup, but I hold it to be a sin, to give to a beast what will feed a christian; and there's many a nice jug of broth that can be made of the bones, instead of throwing them away; and by taking care of little scraps of different things, a cook, if she has the heart for it, and is skilful, may make a nourishing dish for a sick person, without robbing her master either; for it is astonishing how every little thing will turn in to help. Patience, do you be very jealous over cook's perquisites if you should ever be a cook; it needs more principle than you may think, to be quite honest. You see now by Susan's mother, how very soon a thoughtless girl might be drawn in, for it is not every one that would have turned the woman out of the door as you did." "Well," said I, "this seems to be a very dangerous world to live in. I don't know how I shall get through; but you get on very well, and seem to be very comfortable, except when other people are doing wrong." "My dear child," said she, "I try to serve my heavenly Master first, and my earthly master afterwards, and I find they agree very well together. Anybody that will try that plan earnestly and uprightly, will find it answer even in this world. Eye service, Patience, is a difficult and dangerous thing." "What do you mean exactly by that?"

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their hands; and the richer this refuse, the higher price they get for it. My dear, there's many a cook in this place, that might be put in prison for theft any day of her life, if she had her due. It need not be so; if mistresses would look more carefully after their own interests and their servants' morals—but lack-a-day, mistresses, who should know better, sit in their drawing-rooms, and it is frightful to think of what goes on in the kitchens; and then there's nothing but complaints of bad servants and bad places. Somebody will see the end of these ways, and I am no prophet if they turn out for the honour and prosperity of our country." "I daresay," said I, "that old Jacob is very much obliged to you for the wash you give him for his pig; I am sure he ought to be." "He is very much obliged to me, Patience; but never let it into your mind that people should be so very grateful to you, child, or you may get disappointed, and you may act from a wrong motive." "What do you mean, Mrs. Trubody?" "Why, I mean you may do a right thing from the pleasure it gives yourself, and not because it is your duty to do it. What a great many things we receive from God, and our fellow-creatures, and don't notice them at all, let alone thankfulness—remember *that*, when people do not seem so grateful to you as you expected they would be. And as to the value of this poor wash to me, child—what is it? But it is something to Jacob; and with no cost to myself, I am doing him a real service, for with the little he can afford to spend in barley-meal and such-like, he is able to fat a pig for his family

every year, which makes a deal of difference to them. In such a family as this, there are, of course, a great many potatoe peelings, cabbage and lettuce leaves, and a good deal of vegetable refuse; and many things that cannot be used: besides, weak boilings that would not do for broth or soup, but I hold it to be a sin, to give to a beast what will feed a christian; and there's many a nice jug of broth that can be made of the bones, instead of throwing them away; and by taking care of little scraps of different things, a cook, if she has the heart for it, and is skilful, may make a nourishing dish for a sick person, without robbing her master either; for it is astonishing how every little thing will turn in to help. Patience, do you be very jealous over cook's perquisites if you should ever be a cook; it needs more principle than you may think, to be quite honest. You see now by Susan's mother, how very soon a thoughtless girl might be drawn in, for it is not every one that would have turned the woman out of the door as you did." "Well," said I, "this seems to be a very dangerous world to live in. I don't know how I shall get through; but you get on very well, and seem to be very comfortable, except when other people are doing wrong." "My dear child," said she, "I try to serve my heavenly Master first, and my earthly master afterwards, and I find they agree very well together. Anybody that will try that plan earnestly and uprightly, will find it answer even in this world. Eye service, Patience, is a difficult and dangerous thing." "What do you mean exactly by that?"

said I. "Eye service, my dear, is just to please your master or mistress's eye when you are in their sight, or you are certain they will know what you do, and to please yourself at all other times. I think I can say, that I feel more anxious to do right when they are away, than I do when they are at home." "I am sure I hope Susan will not turn out like her mother," said I. "My mistress was saying only this morning, that the tea had gone very fast the last fortnight, and she could not understand it, as they had had very little company." "Was it locked up?" said Mrs. Trubody. "No," said I, "my mistress says she trusts us; and I am very glad of it. I should hate to see everything locked up as if I were a thief." "There's a good deal to be said on both sides, my dear," said she. "When a mistress looks well after the ways of her household, and takes a great deal of pains with her servants, and gains their affections, it is safe, and it is best to trust. Confidence does everybody good then; but when a mistress knows nothing about the character of her servants, and takes no interest in them, except just as far as they answer her purpose; it is not safe for herself, nor just to them; they are put in the way of temptation, which they have not the principle to resist. Mistresses had much better keep the key in their pocket than do this; but the wisest thing of all is, for a mistress to get her servants' affections, for then, there is only one will in the house: the mistress rules happily, and the servants delight in their service. Alack! alack! shall we ever see that day come? It is now, every one seeketh his

own, and every body gets as much, and gives as little as he can; things are not right, Patience, things are not right." That is what Mrs. Trubody is always saying, and she wants me to be a regular good old-fashioned servant, as she says; and from what I see of her, and the new-fashioned servants, I am sure I should wish to be one; only I think, if the servants are old-fashioned, the mistresses ought to be old-fashioned too.

Now you will be very tired of this letter, and call it a very dull one, at least I am afraid Mary will. I know *you* will like to know all the good advice Mrs. Trubody gives me; and you see, she really is like a mother to me. I wish all young servants had such a friend. I must ask if you have not heard from Mark, and then say good bye, with my dear love.

Your dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER XIII.

DEAR MOTHER,

I WONDER if time goes as fast with you as it does here. I can hardly believe it possible that I have been at Islington a year, and yet it is so. I wonder if you would think me much altered. I am nearly two inches taller, and not so stout, and my cheeks are not quite so red as they were, neither am I so brown as when I was much in the open air. To tell the truth, I do not think that sleeping downstairs, underground, is very healthy. I often wake in the morning and find the air very close, and full of smells; and if I did not often walk out with the children, and so get some fresh air, I fancy I should soon feel ill, and not inclined to work. I am often surprised to see how Mrs. Trubody bears it, for she never goes out except on a Sunday; but she says "old trees are not so tender as young ones," and she has been used to it. I do as much as I can by opening the window into the street; but when there are so many thieves about, it is not safe to leave them open, especially at night, as we often used to do at home. Oh! how I should enjoy to have a good long walk in the real country air. Should not I like to go with you into the hazel copse! I dare say the ground is almost white now with the wind flowers, and the hedges will be full of primroses

and violets; we don't see such a thing here; the people even have to pay for little tufts of grass to put into the cages for their birds. The ways are so different to country ways. Well, I like country ways best, at present. But I was going to tell you, that on quarter-day, my mistress rung for me to go to her to receive my wages. When she had given it to me, she said, "Here are five shillings more, which is a quarter of the pound you are to receive in addition this year; and it gives me real pleasure to raise your wages, as you have given me entire satisfaction. I hope you will continue to do so, as I have no wish to part with you." I thanked her, and said I hoped I should improve every year, and continue to please her, and that I was very happy, and I should be very sorry to leave. Then she said, that Mrs. Trubody had told her that I never took sugar in my tea. I said I did not, I had never been used to it at home, and I thought the tea was fresher and pleasanter without it. Well, she said, it was a very good plan at any rate, and she believed it very much depended upon use, as to what persons liked or disliked; "but I was going to say," said she, "that as I allow all my servants sugar and beer, and you take neither of them, it seems but just, to make you some compensation. I quite approve of your not taking beer; I think it not only unnecessary, but a bad thing for young women to use themselves to it." I said it always made me feel stupid if I had been persuaded to take a little, and I never wished to taste it again. She said I had better be a teetotaller. "Yes, ma'am," I said, "that

's just what I wish to be; my father is one, and whenever I can get an opportunity to sign the pledge, I shall." She said she thought it was not needful to sign the pledge, in order to adopt the practice. I said "It would be easier to stick to it, if I had given my hand-writing to it, because I should have a better reason to give if I was pressed to drink." She said there was something in that, and she had no doubt I could easily get an opportunity to sign, as many meetings were held in Islington—"But I was going to say, Patience, that I meant to give you five shillings a quarter, instead of spending it on sugar for you." I curtsied, and thanked her very much, and said I should like to lay by a little every quarter, and I thought I could lay that five shillings by very well. She very much approved of that. It was a very good plan to have a nest egg, she said, because, if a servant had made a beginning, she wished to continue adding to it; so you see, my wages are £6, and the money for sugar is another, and I feel as if I were getting quite rich.

I wish I could have a little talk with you about my clothes, for I find it requires a good deal of consideration to lay my money out for the best. You know I have to help all the servants, and that makes me require more clothes than I otherwise should do. I have been making myself some under-clothes this winter, and am quite respectably off in that way. I know I should not be your daughter, if I was fine outside, and ragged underneath.

The dress that was brought me from Brighton,

will make me a very nice Sunday frock. Next quarter, I intend to get myself a pretty Alpacca, or something of that kind for a Sunday, and take this print into afternoon wear. My mistress likes me to wear print; she says it can always be washed clean, and it is soft against baby's little arms—but I should like to have one frock that does not crumple, and that could be popped on at any time, if I had not a print dress clean; but just now, I want a pair of boots with double soles for walking out, and I want something to wear when I go out. I had thought of buying myself a thin cloth cloak like Susan's, as that might have done for any season, except very hot or very cold—but a cloak is inconvenient when you want to take hold of the children's hands, or when you play with them; and a shawl is rather awkward, for it is sure to slip off my shoulders when I am carrying the baby. So what do you think of my getting a loose sort of jacket? That would always be convenient, and I see a great many people wear that sort of thing now. I have a nice pattern for one, and I know I could make it myself; and Mrs. Trubody says, the work I should put in, would be stronger; and if I had not to pay for the making, the material might be better, and yet not cost me more on the whole. Abigail bought a cheap one at a shop, and it was shabby in no time. I think I shall get a pretty light brown, as that colour will not show the dust so much as many others do; and I shall shake it well when I take it off, and fold it up neatly; so I think, altogether, I shall not repent of the jacket. Then I shall want a new bonnet, and I

am sure I don't know what sort of one I shall get; however, whatever I get, I shall trim it myself, just as I know you would like to see it, mother. And if they do call me a Methodist, or an old maid, I suppose I shall live through it. I want some stockings, and a white apron or two, and a pair of gloves; and when I have paid for these, and needles, cottons, and tapes, I do not suppose I shall have much of my thirty shillings left; and I remember your advice, never to leave myself without something in my pocket, lest I should get myself into temptation; I had sixpence left when my mistress paid me my wages this quarter. Mrs. Trubody is going to tell me all about the savings' bank, to put my five shillings of sugar money in.

Miss Murray has been home some time now. I am very glad of that. The children were so glad to see her; and now they have their regular hours, they are so much happier, and not so often in disgrace, poor little things!

I forgot to tell you, that when my mistress paid me my wages, she said that Susan was not so quick about her work as Abigail had been; and as the housemaid had a good deal to do, she wished I should take Miss Murray's bed-room entirely to myself to keep. I am not at all sorry for this; I like Miss Murray so very much, that it is quite a pleasure to serve her. I uncorded her boxes for her the day she came back, and when I took them into her room, she spoke so pleasantly to me, and thanked me for taking care of two plants that she was very fond of, and had left in my charge. You may be sure I did not

neglect them, and they were in beautiful blossom when she came back, and she said they made the room look almost like home, and as if somebody loved her. And I said, "I should think, miss, that nobody could be off doing *that*; I am sure everybody must love you." "Do you think so, Patience?" she said; and she looked at me with those gentle brown eyes of hers. "You are a very affectionate girl, and you think that everybody is like yourself." I did not know exactly what she meant by that; it seemed to me, as if she thought some one did not love her, but, of course, I had no business to ask. I said, "If you please, miss, I am to do your room instead of Susan; and if there is anything particular you wish, I should be so glad to do it as you like." "Thank you, Patience," said she, "I am very glad you are to do my room, for to tell the truth, it has not always been very tidily done, and I am a little bit particular; perhaps you will think me a little old maidish?" "Oh! dear no, miss," I said, "I am sure I shall not think that, for I could not bear to hear such a pretty young lady call herself by such names." She almost laughed, and said she would tell me another day exactly how she should like to have it done; and I know there shall not be a cleaner room in the house than hers; and perhaps I shall sometimes have a word or two from her, which is so different to talking to Judith or Susan. I always feel good, when I am talking to her. I believe she is religious, for there is the same sort of way about her, that I have seen in other people that I call religious.

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Will you ask Mary to put some violets into your next letter, and to gather them in the Beechwood lane? She knows exactly where they grow the finest; and when I smell them, I shall almost think I am at home. I am sorry to hear about Phebe Hunt. You must tell me the full particulars next time. I should have thought she might have been trusted, but nobody knows till they are tried.

And now, with my dear love to you all, I am,

Your dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER XIV.

DEAR MOTHER,

I SHOULD have enjoyed your letter very much if it had not been for the bad news about Phebe Hunt. When one hears of one's own schoolfellow being a thief, it seems to come very near home to oneself; and as you say, it is very dangerous to begin taking the least thing, and that he who steals a pin, will most likely steal a bigger thing. I see it before my own eyes now in this house, and I should hope it will be a lesson to me all my life long; and when I have told you about it, I am sure you will think it ought to be.

My mistress often asked me if I had seen this little thing, or the other little thing, that she had lost. I thought most likely the things were mislaid, and would turn up again. I did not at all suspect Susan, till one morning I went into the breakfast-room, whilst she was setting the breakfast table. She was standing by the sideboard with the tea caddy open. My going in suddenly, startled her, and she scattered some tea upon the carpet. "'Tis a pity my mistress does not keep the tea locked up," I said, for I thought it was as well that she should know that I had seen what she was about. She looked confused, and did not answer, and I said no more; but after that, there

were many little things I did not like about her. Then we had two ladies staying in the house for a fortnight, and we had a good deal of company and visiting. The Miss Levers dressed in beautiful clothes, and wore a good many rings and brooches, and such things.

The day they left, I happened to go up into Susan's room for something, and there she was, with what she calls her treasure box open. She had a beautiful brooch in her hand, that she was sticking into a piece of black velvet. "Why, Susan," said I, "how did you come by this beautiful brooch?" "Oh!" said she, colouring crimson, "Miss Lever gave it to me yesterday, and Miss Caroline gave me these white kid gloves." "You don't mean to say that they gave you these beautiful things!" said I; "this brooch is exactly like that beautiful diamond ring of my mistress's, which they say cost so much money." "Oh!" said she, "it is not likely that these are real diamonds; there is a way they have now, of making imitation diamonds almost as bright as the real ones, called 'Paste.'" "Oh!" says I, "the Miss Levers are not the ladies to put up with shams and paste—but whatever could they give you these white kid gloves for? Miss Caroline has a very small hand, and no offence to you, but your hand is about as big as mine." "Oh!" says she, "I daresay they think that servants sell their clothes, just as their mistresses do. There are many ladies I have lived with, who sell their clothes when they have worn them a few times, and so you see, they can always keep in the fashion. A very respectable

woman called here yesterday, to ask if my mistress had anything to dispose of, and I told her I thought she would have something in a few days; and when she comes again, I shall sell these gloves, and the brooch too, if she will give me enough for it; if not, I shall wear it myself when I go out to a party, it looks so good." "Well," says I, "I like to wear my own things from beginning to end—but what did they say when they gave you these?" "Why, how unbelieving you are!" said she, "but if you must know, they said, I had been so obliging to them, and had dressed their hair so nicely, that they should like to make me a little present before they left; they are going this afternoon, you know, by the two o'clock train, to Bath, and I must run down and get the lunch in as fast as I can." And away she ran down the back stairs into the kitchen, and I determined to go down the front stairs, though I have no business to do so, except my work lays in that part of the house; but I felt pretty sure that Susan had stolen these things, and I thought I would take the chance of going past Miss Lever's door, and see what might turn up, for I could not endure the thought of ladies going away from my master's house, and saying they had been robbed by the servants, and so bring a disgrace and suspicion upon us all; so I went slowly along the passage, making rather a noise with my shoes, and that turned out the very thing, for just as I had passed the door, Miss Lever opened it and said, "Patience, will you just come in here? I am very anxious about a

diamond brooch I have lost; I wore it yesterday, but I cannot now find it anywhere; I remember taking it off last night, so that it must be in the house; and my sister has lost a new pair of white kid gloves; they are not of much value, but the brooch is of real diamonds, and is very valuable, besides being a present from a dear friend, now dead, and I can hardly say how much I should regret losing it." "Yes, ma'am," said I, "I saw them both just now in another room, and I can fetch them in a minute;" so up I went, and took them out of Susan's treasure box, and brought them to her. "Oh! dear," said she, "you cannot think how you have relieved my mind; thank you, very much indeed;" and she took out five shillings from her purse, and said she should like to make me some compensation. "By no means, ma'am," I said, "I had much rather not take anything." "Oh!" she said, "I do not mean for finding these things, but you have been very obliging, and my sister and myself wished to give you a trifle; servants are often wanting to buy something as well as ladies." "I am sure, ma'am," I said, "you are very kind, but I don't wish for anything of the sort; it is our bounden duty to be obliging to visitors in the house." I took down their luggage into the hall, and Miss Lever called out, "Oh! Mrs. Freemantle, the brooch is found, do not trouble yourself any more about it; Patience found it for me." Susan was bringing in the tray, and turned as white as a sheet; she did not know but I had told of her, but I did not say a word to her,

nor she to me. I have not even told Mrs. Trubody yet, because I have not had a good opportunity, but I shall to-night, and see if she thinks it needful to tell my mistress, for there's no knowing what she may not steal, and give to that old mother of her's; so you will hear about what Mrs. Trubody thinks in my next.

Miss Murray has now told me how she likes to have her room managed; it is particular, to be sure—but I shall try and do it exactly as she wishes. I am sure she is a nice young lady; and do you know she has two brothers in the army, in India, and one of them is an officer in the very regiment that our poor Mark is in. She said, when she wrote next to her brother, she would ask him about Mark. She is an orphan herself; she came here about half a year before I did, and from what she said, I think she must have had a beautiful home. She says, when she first came, she did so sadly miss the sweet country air, and that her bedroom here, had such a cold look, and such a nasty smell, that sometimes she felt almost melancholy. I think she must have been much better off than she now is. She always shakes her own bed, and leaves it open for the sheets and pillows to air; and when it is made, she has it turned down just fit to get into it again. She says she likes the air upon everything, and that some people, I think she said the Italians, always turn their beds down in the morning. I said I thought it was a good way, only it looked particular; she said she did not mind that herself, and no one else came into her room. She has told me to take the chimney-board away, so

that there may be a constant stream of air going up the chimney; but she does not like the door left open, because the back stairs are very near it, and she says there is always a smell of cooking, or cabbages, or dish-washings coming up, and she dislikes that very much, and thinks it is very unwholesome. Her room was covered with carpet all over, but it held the dust so much, that she asked Mrs. Freemantle if it might be taken away; and now she has only some bedside carpets, and a piece before her dressing-table and washing-stand, that could be taken up and shaken any time. Her window almost always stands open, unless it rains or is very damp, and then it is open an inch or two from the top; it is a north room, and never gets a bit of sunshine into it, and it is a dark-coloured paper, so that it always looks dull; and she said, when it was dull and musty both, it was too much for her, coming a stranger, and almost broken-hearted from her own home. She has a large piece of coarse sponge of her own, and I dip that into a basin of water and squeeze it dry, and wipe under the bed and over the floor, twice a week with it. It does not take me five minutes, and it makes it nice and fresh, and takes up the dust much better than sweeping does, because, more than half the dust that you disturb in sweeping comes down again on the floor and furniture, but the sponge takes it up without its being disturbed at all. She has no bed-curtains; she thinks they are not healthy. Susan says 'tis the most ridiculous thing she ever heard of, and she has not a bit of patience with a governess having such fancies;

and I say, she has just as much right to have her fancies as anybody else—and I think there is a great deal of sense in what she says, and I have persuaded Mrs. Trubody to let me do her room in the same way, for that is cruelly close sometimes, so near the kitchen, and sometimes with a smell from the drain of the sink.

You may tell Mary I have not thrown the violets away yet. I keep them still in the glass, and go and smell at them sometimes for a treat; they make me remember so many things. I could almost fancy I heard the rooks up in the elm trees, and saw the squirrels leaping about in the beeches. How delighted our children would be to see them! they don't seem to know anything about the country, and nothing seems to please them better than when I tell them about hens' nests and the little ducks, and milking the cows, and especially gathering handfuls of blue bells in the copse, with the little birds singing everywhere. How I should like to bring them one day to our house! I am sure they would never forget it, they would be so happy; but I don't think my mistress cares very much for the country. I do not think anybody in this house cares for it, but Miss Murray and me. She said to me the other day, that these April mornings made her long to fly away into the woods and meadows; but she is as much tied as I am, and I am sure she is patient, and I shall try to be so.

So good bye for this time, and with my dear love to father, and Mary, and Robert, and all enquiring friends,

I am, your dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER XV.

DEAR MOTHER,

At last, I am able to begin a letter, but I have a terrible story to tell you. I think it will almost make your hair stand on end; and as I cannot think, or write about anything else, I shall begin at once. About a fortnight ago, I was in the nursery in the evening, folding up the children's clothes, and putting them away, as Judith was gone out, when presently, I heard Miss Rose in a whisper, calling, "Patience, is that you?" "Yes, miss," I said, "do you want me?" and I went into her room. "I wish you would come and sit down by me, Patience," said she. "Yes, dear," I said, "what do you want?" "Oh! I don't want anything, only, that you would come and sit by me." "Are not you well, Miss Rose?" said I, "you are all of a tremble." "I am quite well," said she, "but did you ever see a ghost, Patience?" "Oh! no, miss, never," said I, "and I should think nobody else." "Then don't you think there are such things as ghosts, Patience?" "Well, miss," said I, "I am sure I can't say if there *ever* was such things; but I am sure we shall never see one here." "Are you sure? quite sure, Patience?" said she, "because Susan says they come at nights, all dressed in white, and take away naughty boys

and girls into dark holes, and they lock them in, and they never come out again." "Then Susan might be ashamed of herself to tell you such wicked stories." "But oh, Patience," said she, "Gerald is so frightened about it; she told him if he cried when he was in bed, the ghost would be sure to come for him—and he is crying now, and he has been crying and hushing himself up for a long time, and I am so afraid something will come for him." Just as she was saying this, I heard a sort of groan, and then a noise, like a person's nails scratching down a door, and in a moment, such a scream—oh! such a scream as I never heard. Miss Rose flew out of bed into my arms and clung round my neck, screaming as loud as ever she could scream. I took her in my arms, with hers, so tight round my neck, that I was almost choked, and flew to Master Gerald's bedside, and there he lay, as stiff as possible, in a strong fit, his eyes rolling, and his little hands clenched: 'twas a frightful sight. My master and mistress, in a moment, came running out of the drawing-room, for the screams might be heard all over the house. "What's this?" said my master; "how has this happened, Patience?" "Susan has been telling the children ghost stories, sir, and frightened them out of their lives." "You infamous wretch!" said my master, turning round upon Susan, and stamping his feet, while his face was white with rage—"get out of my sight this moment, or"—I think he meant, he would turn her out; but she was gone in a moment. "Some one go for the doctor this moment," said he; and without waiting any further order, I put

Miss Rose down on the bed, ran down stairs, caught up Mrs. Trubody's bonnet and shawl, and tore down the street as if I was mad. I don't know what the people could have thought of me. I gave two knocks upon the door as if I would have broken it through, and then I rung the bell violently. The doctor himself was at the door in a minute. "What's the matter?" said he. "To Mr. Freemantle's in a moment!" said I—I had not breath for more. He caught up his hat, and off he went, running and walking, and I went after him as fast as I could, and got there just in time to let him into the room. "A warm bath," said he, "immediately." I felt as if I had the strength of ten people. I ran down into the kitchen, and ran up again with the pails of water, and had got it all ready just as Judith came in. My mistress kept walking about, wringing her hands. "Oh! my poor Gerald! my poor darling!" said she; but she was too much upset to do anything. Judith was all in amazement. "What is it?" said she to me. "Susan has frightened him into a fit," says I. "Oh, dear!" she said, "I told her not to frighten them." Then she and I turned to, to assist the doctor, and to settle the children in their beds again, for they were all awake and crying. I could not get Miss Rose to sleep before twelve o'clock, and then she kept starting so, that I asked my mistress if I should come and sleep with her. "Do, you good girl," said she, "you are quite a blessing to us, Patience." So I got into bed with her, and she put her arms round my neck and kissed me, and then slept quite soundly till the morning. I

don't think I slept half an hour all the night. When the doctor was gone, and the house was got a little settled, my master rang for Mrs. Trubody, and told her to send off Susan the next morning, for he said he could not trust himself to see her, after what she had done to his dear boy (for he was quite my master's favourite). He said Susan ought to be prosecuted, for it might turn out to be a case of murder, or even worse, for there is no knowing how these fits may go on; and so she was sent off, poor thing. She cried fit to break her heart; she said she did not mean to do any harm, only to frighten him a little, to prevent his crying when he went to bed. I have no doubt, she had frightened him many times before, for he always wanted a candle to be burnt in his room, and he had never thought of that, before she came to live here. I am glad she has a home to go to, such as it is, and not be turned into the street, like Abigail; and now we have another servant to find. I am not at all in the kitchen now. A charwoman is engaged to help Mrs. Trubody.

Miss Murray often comes into the nursery, out of school-hours, which is a great comfort; she knows so well how to amuse the children and make them happy. And Judith's time is almost all taken up with Master Gerald; she is nearly broken-hearted about him. My mistress is able to see to him very little. I believe another baby is expected early in the winter.

I shall send this off, as I may not be able to add to it for some time. I sit in the nursery in

the evening, and sometimes get a minute to write, when there is nothing else to do, which is not very often—so you must make up your mind to wait a good while for another—but I shall hear from you ; so no more at present,

From your dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER XVI.

OH! MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,
SISTER AND BROTHER,

I AM going to write you a sorrowful letter. My mistress has given me an hour this evening, as she says, I don't seem to know what I am about—so prepare your mind for trouble, and may God bless you, and keep you from breaking your hearts.

I took the letters from the postman this morning, and there was one with a deep black border, for Miss Murray. I carried it to her in the school-room. I saw her change colour in a moment. "No bad news, miss, I hope!" said I. "I am afraid there is, Patience," said she; "it is from India." When she said that, I felt my colour change too. I asked her if I should give her anything to take. "No, Patience, thank you," said she, "I shall feel better in a minute or two"—so I went out of the room; the children were out walking. In about half an hour, the bell in the school-room rang, and I went as quick as possible, little thinking what I had to hear.

Miss Murray sat there as white as a sheet, and I could see she had been crying; there was an empty chair standing by her. "Patience, my dear child," she said, "sit down; this letter has sad news for us both;" and she took hold of my

hand and squeezed it. "We have both lost a brother," said she, "both in the same battle, nobly striving to save our poor women and children from their savage enemies." "Oh! miss," said I, "you don't mean that my poor brother Mark is dead!" "Yes," she said, "and my poor Edward;" and then we both sat down, and cried together like sisters. When we had a little come to ourselves, she said the letter was from her eldest brother; he said, "Let poor Mark's friends know, that he died fighting like a man and a Briton; he was as fine a fellow as any in the regiment, always cheerful, sober, and at his duty; he was a general favourite amongst his comrades, and he was a good man too, I do believe. I have several really religious men in my regiment, and he was the leader among them. Like our good General, whatever time they went out in the morning, they always met together, to read the Bible and to pray. He was close by me, poor fellow, in the attack. We all felt the courage and strength of lions, for the brutality shown to our countrywomen had maddened us. I heard his voice cheering along after me. 'Come on!' he said, 'Come on! let us save our poor dear women and children.' These were his last words, and a bullet struck him down; and not far from our dear brother, lay Mark Hart, as good a soldier, and as brave a man, as ever served his Queen and country." I almost felt as if my heart would break, when she read this. To think of him, poor fellow, so good, and yet dead. Miss Murray tried to comfort me. She said there was a great deal to be thankful for; and she was sure you

would feel that there was. "Oh! miss," I said, "but we shall never see him again, poor fellow;" and she said, "It seems to me, that it will be easier to see my dear brother, now that he is in heaven, than when he was in India. My heart has gone there, night and day, wandering about after him, and I could never see him; and I used to think of his danger, and suffering, and sickness, till my spirit died within me. I always expected to hear of his dying there; now, Patience, I know that he is at rest, and with his Saviour, whom he loved and served. It was my brother Edward who first spoke to your brother about his soul, and now they rest together;" and she said I might copy out of her letter all the part about Mark, for you; and that we must submit ourselves to God's will, and not selfishly give way to our own grief, and neglect our duty. "There is a deal of trouble in this house now, Patience," said she, "I fear there will be more; it will not do for you and me to be thinking about our trouble only, but try to do our duties faithfully, and be a help and comfort to others, and God will comfort us, my child;" and she kissed me. "God bless you, dear Miss Murray," I said, "I will try to do the very best I can, for your sake."

So now I will close this. I feel ever so much better than I did, in thinking over Miss Murray's advice to me. God bless you all.

Your loving and dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER XVII.

DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE had both your letters, and I am very glad to find that you take your trouble so well. The thought of poor Mark rushes into my mind twenty times in the day, when I am at my work, but I swallow it down, and go on. I went to Mrs. Trubody and consulted her about my mourning, for I thought I should like to pay that respect to him, poor fellow; but I had spent my last quarter's wages in buying the things I told you of, and the next is not due yet. She said, if I would take her advice, I should not buy any black. "You will not mourn for him a bit more, child," said she, "and it is a bad plan to run into debt to buy mourning; it often makes trouble of another kind." I told her, I knew very well that I should not mourn for him more, but I should like to have a black dress, it seemed as if it would do my heart good. She said it was natural, and all people must have their own feelings about it; and she was very willing to lend me a pound, till I could pay her again. That was very kind, but I did not like to borrow, and I had no occasion, for Miss Murray said to me, "I have no doubt, Patience, you would like to wear a little mourning for your dear brother, and I have a dress, which I think with a little alteration, would make a very neat

one for you." You may be sure, I thanked her heartily; and in the evening of the day, my mistress said she meant to give me a dress; she felt it was due to me, from them, for my activity and cheerfulness in serving them; and she spoke very kindly to me about poor Mark, and so did my master; and that did my heart good. So now I shall send my straw bonnet to be dyed black, and the ribbons too; and I shall be very tidy, without getting into debt; besides, Miss Murray has given me a little black shawl, which will be very useful. My mistress gave me the linings, and all that was needful for my dress, and sent it to the servants' dress-maker to have it made for me, as I have not a minute to work for myself now.

We have had a great many applications for the housemaid's place, but there were not many of them that looked like suiting; and most of them had such short characters, that my mistress said, it could be no use taking a servant who would be wanting to change again in a few weeks; but I think we have got the right one now. She came the last of all; she said she had not heard of the place till an hour before, and she hoped she was not too late. I told her she was not, and I thought very likely my mistress would engage her. She had such a sweet face, and such a gentle pleasant way of speaking. She was dressed in mourning, not at all fine. I took to her at once (I forgot to tell you that Mrs. Trubody says, fashionable mourning is an insult to sorrow). When my mistress had seen Honor Green, (is'n't it a pretty name?) she engaged her. The only thing against her, is, that she is not very strong;

she was too hard worked in her last place, and hardly ever got to bed before twelve o'clock; but I hope she will get stronger here. I daresay I shall be able to give her a little help. I feel as if we should be just like sisters, for she takes to me, just as much as I take to her; she says she did, the moment I opened the door to her.

A few days since, as I was walking out with the children, we met Dr. Goodhart. He stopped to speak to them; then he rather kept me back, and said, "Is Miss Rose well?" I told him, for *myself*, I did not think she had been the same child since the fright. "What does your mistress think of her?" said he. "My mistress said, when I told her of it yesterday, sir, that she had not observed any difference in her; she played with her brothers and sisters, and seemed as cheerful as ever; but my mistress is not well herself, and she does not see her so often as I do." "She does not look well, at any rate," said he, and passed on. I cannot but say, that I am very uneasy about the child, she seems so languid. She often says to me, "Oh! Patience, how I do wish they could get that nasty smell away; it is always in my nose." In the morning, when she wakes, she says, "Patience, there's that nasty smell again." I suppose children are more delicate, for no one else seems much troubled about it. Master Gerald has had three fits since I last wrote; it has brought quite a gloom over the house. We never know when they may come on. Once, he was taken in the street; a horse came galloping by, and Miss Edith screamed out, and he directly dropped down quite stiff. Oh! it is a

frightful sight, to see him with that beautiful little face of his so disfigured, that you could not know him. I took him up in my arms, and carried him home; and there was such a number of people stopped to look at him. I heard Dr. Goodhart tell Miss Murray, that he might never recover from them; it depended a good deal on his constitution—he might become an idiot, or he might die of them; and if he should get the better of them, it would most likely injure him for life. What a dreadful thing it is! my poor master was so proud of him; and he now seems well nigh broken-hearted. We are obliged to be so careful not to startle him; it takes a great deal of the play and merriment out of the nursery.

I am quite sorry for Judith, she does fret about him so, and is always blaming herself for going out that evening, and leaving the children to Susan. "Oh!" says she, "Patience, I have been too determined on claiming my privileges. Many a time, I know I had better have been at home with the children; but I agreed with my mistress to let me go out once a week to chapel, and I held to it too much. I would give a hundred pounds, if I had it, if I had not gone out that evening. My mistress never much liked Susan's ways with the children; and I knew she had told them foolish tales before—and now the little angel perhaps will die, or never be himself again; and it will be all my fault. I do not think I am fit for a nurse now. I am too anxious, and cannot be cheerful with the children as you can; they worry me, and then I have no patience; it is a great responsibility upon me, to nurse and work

for them, and keep them clean, and pretty behaved; and my mistress does not know half what it is. If the children look nice and seem happy, it is all right; but if not, then I am to blame, and there seems no encouragement. I have lived here, since Miss Rose was born, and I have had them night and day upon me; and have often had my rest broken night after night; and my mistress is not so thoughtful as she might be, though I am sure I would not say anything against her, only she does not know herself, what nursing and working are, and constant responsibility. If she really knew, I think she would alter some things; but if I don't complain, she does not see but all is right and easy. I think, when the next baby comes, I shall leave, though I am sure it would break my heart to part with the children." "My mistress would never part with you, Judith," said I, "she thinks so much of you." "Well," she said, "I am sure I don't know, we shall see." I really never thought before, that Judith was so fond of the children; but this bad business of poor little Gerald, has quite changed her. It is wonderful, how people alter; I think I alter myself, for as Judith says, I begin to feel a great deal more responsibility, and I keep planning about all sorts of things; for as you may well believe, with a new housemaid, and Master Gerald, and my mistress so poorly that she requires a deal of waiting on, there is enough to do, and we all want to make the best use of our wits.

I do not see half so much of Mrs. Trubody as I did; but she always gives me a word or look of

ent, and says she begins to hope I
a good faithful servant of the old sort.
many little things she does, to take
so that I have my meals regular and
and don't get neglected; for as she
who have to work, must eat, to keep
both and spirits. I am as fresh as a
ugh sometimes, when I think about
fallow, I fall like the lark out of the
on the ground; but I rise up, and
So good bye for this time, and I am,

Your dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER XVIII.

DEAR MOTHER,

It is now three weeks since I wrote to you, and it would take many letters to tell you all that has passed in that time, and so I shall send you short letters as often as I can; but I shall have little time for writing, so do not get anxious if you do not hear from me.

A few days after my last, Dr. Goodhart had been with my mistress into the nursery; and as he was coming downstairs, he stopped, and sniffed two or three times, as if he smelt something he did not like. "Your drains are not all right, I think," he said to my mistress. She said she supposed there might be something wrong; cook had mentioned it, though she had not observed it herself. He answered, looking very grave, "I assure you, my dear madam, it is a very serious thing in hot weather, like this, to have any defect in the drains. I would advise you by all means, to have them attended to immediately. I have at this time, a bad case of fever, in a badly-drained house; the people have been putting it off time after time, because of the nuisance of having the drain opened; and they now find, they have put it off too long. The case is a very dubious one; it is a sweet child—the only one. Children are very sensitive to the effect of bad

air; few people would credit, how many children there are literally poisoned with bad air; they cannot thrive without plenty of fresh pure air. By the bye, I met your children walking with the nurse the other day, and I thought Rose looked very delicate; have you noticed anything amiss?" My mistress said she had not observed any difference in her; the children all seemed a little languid with the hot weather; would he advise a little medicine for them? "Oh! no," he said, "no medicine; let them have a good cold bath in the morning, and take their walk before breakfast, instead of the heat of the day, and give them plenty of plain nourishing food; and be very careful, that their sleeping-rooms are well ventilated." My mistress said she thought the rooms were all ventilated; she ordered the windows to be opened a part of every day, but the smuts came in so much, and were such a trouble to the servants, that perhaps her orders were not attended to quite as regularly as they ought to be. He said the smuts were a nuisance, no doubt, but fresh air was all-important, both night and day. "You don't mean to say," said my mistress, "that you would be so imprudent as to let the night-air into the rooms?" "Certainly, I do," said he, "it is all night-air that we breathe in the night; but that in the close shut-up rooms, is worse than the outer air, because it has been breathed, and burnt by you, or by candles, and mixed with all sorts of noxious and poisonous matters. Have you never observed yourself, when you have been spending the evening in a close room, with many people in it, how disposed you


have felt to yawn and be languid; and when you went out into the fresh air, what a relief you felt in your breathing, and in your strength?" My mistress said, she often had. "Well," he said, "I always sleep with the window in my room open—not much; half an inch or more at the top of the window, would admit enough of the outer air to purify that inside, and cause a gentle ventilation up the chimney. Of course, I would have no draught of wind." "Our chimneys," said my mistress, "are generally stopped with a fire-board, or the register is closed; the servants do not like the dirt that is made by the soot falling down on the stove, or in the fender; and I had not thought about its being unhealthy." "I assure you, it is a dangerous practice," said he, "and I would advise you to rectify it." My mistress said she would see about it, and tell Mr. Freemantle about the drain when he came home; and so he left. He is quite a friend of the family. I happened to hear all this conversation, because I was standing in the hall, to open the door for Dr. Goodhart.

My master came home earlier than usual, and quite in haste; he had had a message by the telegraph, from Brighton, to say that his mother was ill, and she wished him to go down directly; so he just came home to tell my mistress, and pack up a little bag of clothes, as he must be off by the first train. Of course, my mistress did not think to tell him about the drains. I don't see why she should not have sent for the man herself; but she always leaves such things to my master. He was gone three days—three very hot days—and the drain was dreadful. My mistress was out

visiting most of the time; she was very poorly; she said that she had had so much anxiety about Master Gerald, that she must give her mind a little change. On the third day, just after my master came home, Judith thought Master Alfred seemed very poorly; and after they had finished tea, she went into the drawing-room, and told my mistress that he was in a burning fever, and his throat seemed very sore. Judith says, she thinks the idea of the drain, and the scarlet fever, both rushed together into my mistress's mind, for she begged Mr. Freemantle immediately to send for a workman to see about the drains, that had been out of order some time. "The men have all left work by this time," said he; "but why has it not been mentioned before?" My mistress said it had slipped her memory. He said he hoped they might not have cause to repent it; and he would see about it the first thing in the morning; and then they both went into the nursery to see baby, as we still call him. I overheard my master tell my mistress, that there was a great deal of scarlet fever about, of a very bad kind; and many children had been taken off in a day or two by it. My mistress looked very pale, and trembled very much, as she asked Judith all about Master Alfred. At last, she said she should not be easy, without Dr. Goodhart seeing him; and my master went for him directly; he said he would rather go himself than send. In the course of an hour, they both came back together. Directly he saw the child, he said it was scarlet fever, and ordered all the other children to be kept away from him; and that plenty of air should be admitted from

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the window, which Judith had closed, when she found the child's throat was sore, thinking he had taken cold. Then came a long consultation as to who should be the nurse, that all the family might not come in the way of the infection. Then dear Miss Murray came forward, and said if Mrs. Freemantle could trust her, she would willingly undertake the nursing; she had nursed three of her own family through scarlet fever, and had no fear for herself. "Very good," said Dr. Goodhart, "it could not be better;" and my mistress said she was only too happy to intrust the nursing to her, and she had full confidence in her wisdom and experience. Then the doctor said she must have some one to assist her; and he glanced at me, and I said, "If my mistress saw no objection, I should be very glad to wait on Miss Murray." Dr. Goodhart smiled and said, "But are you sure, Patience, that you can follow instructions; and are not you afraid of taking the fever?" I told him I was sure I would do what I was told to do; and with the blessing of God, I did not think I should take the fever. "Very good," he said, "all right! then you are just the girl for it; and I do not think you will take the fever." My mistress said she could answer for my being attentive to orders. "Very well," he said, "then, my dear madam, if you will trust the case to us, I will give full directions to Miss Murray, and you had better try and compose yourself;" and my mistress, poor thing, went out of the room crying, and hoping we should do our best.

When she was gone, he said, "Now we must put the room into what I call, a sanitary condi-

tion, for this may not be the only case of fever in the house, and we must have all the advantage in nursing that we can obtain. The nursing is often much more important than the medicine; first," he said, "you must take this drapery down, and let us have these carpets up; we will have nothing to hold dust or infection." Then he looked at the window—"that's all right; it opens both at the top and bottom." Then he went and looked into the chimney. "Bless me!" said he, "what do people mean? It seems as if their best pleasure was to poison themselves. Let the fire-board be taken quite away, Patience, then we shall have a ventilator from the window to the chimney; and good air from the window will blow the bad air in the room up the chimney; always keep the window open, even in the night; keep it a little way open at the top, and keep the door into the passage shut; you don't want the air from the house, and they don't want the air that comes from this room—remember that—let it go up the chimneys, it is safest for all parties. Now, Patience, you understand sweeping the room with plenty of tea-leaves, so as not to 'raise the dust,' as you say?" "Yes sir, I do," said I. "Very well, then, after you have done that, take a damp flannel—not *wet*, mind—and wipe the room all over, under the bed, and in all holes and corners; let that be done once every day at least; it will keep your room fresh and clean. Don't leave any slops standing, but let all be as nice as hands can make it; and do not let the blinds down, but let the light and sunshine come into the room, unless

in the middle of the day, when it might be too hot; you will use your judgment about that, Miss Murray; but you will remember, doctors have no medicine so good as pure air, and cheerful light. Many people like to mope down in the dark when they are ill; it is a bad thing, except in particular cases. I need not hide from you, that this is a bad case, and we shall stand no chance of the child's recovery, except by using every care; so we must cheerfully and faithfully do the best we can, and leave the event to God. Speak gently and cheerfully to the child, and don't discourage him, or each other, by pulling long faces." He then gave Miss Murray particular directions about the medicine and treatment, and went away, saying he should look in early in the morning.

I was not long in getting the room into the "sanitary" condition (sanitary means healthy), for dear Mrs. Trubody kept outside the door, in the passage, and brought me everything I wanted, and took away all I did not want; and when it was as nice as hands could make it, and exactly according to the doctor's directions, Miss Murray and I made ourselves ready to watch for the night; and when we had done so, she said, "Now, Patience, we will kneel down and ask the blessing of God upon us, to make us fit for our work, and beg Him, if it be His good pleasure, to heal Master Alfred." It was all so still and solemn, and yet somehow I felt happy; I think partly, because I knew I was of some use, and it seemed so good to be with Miss Murray. This

letter has, of course, been written at a great many times, but I must close it now, and write again as soon as I am able, and tell you the end. I am sure, mother, you will pray for me, that I may do my duty well. I hope you will. With my dear love, I am,

Your dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER XIX.

DEAR MOTHER,


IF I live to be a hundred years old, I shall never forget my first night of nursing, it seemed so strange and different to anything I had ever done before—and then the thought, if Master Alfred should die! Miss Murray made me wrap myself up in a shawl, and sit in a chair at the corner of the room, furthest from the chimney. She said I was not used to lose my rest, and had better go to sleep if I could, as we might want our strength for many a day and night. She was used to do with less sleep herself, and she would be sure to call me directly she wanted me. So I laid myself down in the chair, and I am almost ashamed to say, that I was asleep in a few minutes. I do not know how long I had slept, when Miss Murray woke me very gently, and said she wished me to make her a cup of tea, and to take one myself, and to help her to eat a plate of sandwiches that Mrs. Trubody had cut for us. She said, that those who nurse the sick, especially in fevers, should never get faint from fasting, as they were much more likely, in that state, to take infection.

The dear child lay tossing on the bed, his little face quite a scarlet colour; and he hardly seemed to know how to swallow, his throat was so sore. Sometimes he lay crying and fretting, and then

he talked about all sorts of things—rambling-like. Miss Murray said he was delirious, and that the fever was very high; but she seemed quite to know what to do, and how to soothe him. My master often came to the door to ask how he was, and when she told him she was afraid he was worse, he looked uncommonly cut up, and asked if the doctor had not better be sent for again. She said, "No;" she had all directions, and he could do no more; so my master went to his own room again, but in about two hours he came back again and asked the same question. Still she could not give a better account. She said his swallowing was more difficult. Poor master! he did not say another word, but went back again. And so the night, the long still night wore on, and we seemed to be the only people alive. At last, there came a little light in the east, creeping, creeping on, and there was a bright star in the sky just opposite the window, and that grew fainter and fainter, as the sky grew lighter and lighter. At last, the sounds began in the streets—first, of carts coming from the country, with vegetables for the London markets; and then there was the cry of the sweep; and by degrees, the sounds grew more and more; and then Miss Murray told me to put the candle out, and open the window wider. The air that came in seemed very fresh, for the fires had not begun to be lighted, and it smelt almost like our air at home, only not sweet with dew and flowers; but it was very refreshing after the night, although the room had been kept quite cool. Miss Murray then sent me to take off my things and wash

myself well, and dress again, fit for my work; and after I had done that, I could not have told that I had been sitting up at all. I then put the room beautifully in order, just according to the doctor's directions, so that I knew in a moment where to lay my hand upon everything. Then I rang the bell into the kitchen, and Mrs. Trubody brought up a nice breakfast for Miss Murray and me.

Sometimes the child lay in a doze for a good while, and then he would start up and cry so hoarse—poor little dear. When the morning light came full upon him, I thought he looked a good deal worse—so did Miss Murray. She told me to go and tap at my master's door, and tell him so. He was up in a minute, and said he would go himself for Dr. Goodhart; but before he was quite dressed, the doctor came. I watched his face as he stood by the bed, and I could tell without asking, that he thought the child worse. He asked Miss Murray several questions, and shook his head, and looked very serious. When he went out of the room, he told my master that he thought the child would hardly live through the day. My master seemed very much put out, as well as cut up, because he said, "A little common prudence in looking to the drain, might very likely have prevented it." My poor mistress did nothing but cry, and blame herself. She said it was all her fault, and nobody could exactly contradict her. Mrs. Trubody said, that sooner than such a thing should happen again, she would take upon herself to have the drains seen to without an order.



Well, the day wore on, hour after hour, and there was no great change; he kept rambling and talking about all sorts of things; he could not speak quite plain; and his words often sounded so pretty, that it made my master and mistress cry.

Miss Murray got some rest in the day; and afterwards, I went to my own bed and got some sound sleep for three hours. The doctor charged Miss Murray not to wear out her strength needlessly. I am almost sure, he thinks the fever will not stop with Master Alfred; he asked me how Miss Rose was; and so, we came to the evening again. We could see that he got worse; we could not get him to swallow anything. I don't think he could; and he seemed lying in a heavy sleep. At last, the family settled down for the night again; they felt such trust in Miss Murray, and she was so quiet and gentle, and knew so well what to do, that one could not feel afraid. I could not be persuaded to lie down, but sat near the bed with her, watching him. We hardly spoke; there seemed no sound but his breathing. I had counted the clock every time; it struck twelve—one—two—at last it struck three; and the sound had hardly died away, when he drew a deep breath, and then another, and then another, and then there was no more. "He is gone, Patience!" said Miss Murray; "the dear Saviour has taken the little lamb into the flock above;" and she knelt down and thanked God, that he was now beyond all pain, sorrow, and sin, for evermore. It was very solemn; I did not cry. I hardly know how I felt. You know I had never seen anybody die

before. I asked Miss Murray if I should go and tell my master. She said no, it would be no use; he would know it soon enough; but she wished me to go downstairs and call Mrs. Trubody, as she would now do all that was needful for the little dear. Oh! how lonely the passages felt as I went through them; but I was not afraid. I found her expecting to be called; she was laid on her bed with her clothes on. She has had a great deal of experience in death; and she came up just like a mother, and washed the little dear, and laid him out, and put him on one of his little nightgowns that he used to look so pretty in, and laid his little hands across his breast; and then Miss Murray took a comb and 'ranged his pretty bright curls all round his forehead; and when clean things were put upon the bed, all snowy white, he looked just like a little angel fallen asleep. I could not help looking at him, he was so beautiful. I said to Miss Murray, "He hardly looks dead, miss." "He has just begun to live, Patience," said she, "a beautiful blessed life, that will never end. I hope, my dear girl, that we shall one day join him in heaven, with all who are dear to us." "I am sure, miss, I hope so," I said.

Then Mrs. Trubody persuaded Miss Murray to go to bed, and she said she should not want any help; she would arrange and watch the chamber herself. She said it did her good to sit with the dead, it helped her to think of her own end, and of the blessed Lord, who had redeemed her from the power of death. So she was left alone.

Miss Murray went to her room, and I went to my bed and slept till I was called. That was a sad day in the house; but I must conclude this letter, and tell you the rest when I have time to write again.

I am, your dutiful loving daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER XX.

DEAR MOTHER,

I AM sorry to find you are so anxious about me. I hope you will not be so any longer, for I really do not think there is any cause for it. I am quite well, and not overdone; and everybody is kind and considerate, and I am not in the least afraid of taking the fever, and people say, that makes a great deal of difference, as to the likelihood of taking it. So pray make yourself easy, and I will tell you how we have been going on since I wrote last.

On the afternoon of dear baby's funeral, my mistress told me to go into the nursery and amuse the children. I had not seen them since the fever had been in the house, for fear they might in some way take the infection from my clothes; but as I had nothing on which I wore in nursing Master Alfred, she thought now there would be no danger. I found them busy with some pieces of black, they told me they were making some black frocks for their dolls, that they might all be in mourning for poor little Alfred. I soon sat down and helped them. Miss Edith worked away very industriously; but after a little while, Miss Rose laid down her work and brought her little stool close to me and sat down, and laid her hands upon my lap, and looking up at me very

seriously, she said, "Patience, should you like that I should die?" "Oh! no, dear, not at all," I said. "Shouldn't you like that I should go to heaven, and be one of Jesus Christ's dear little lambs, like Alfred?" "Oh, miss," I said, "we can't spare you yet; we all want you with us." "But don't you think that Alfred is very happy in heaven, Patience?" I said I was sure he was. "Do you know, Patience," said she, "that Miss Murray says, all Christ's dear little lambs have their sins forgiven, and are like the blessed angels; do you think God will forgive me my sins?" I said I was sure He would, because in the Testament, it said, He would if we asked Him; but I did not think she had any sins to forgive. "Oh! yes," said she, "I have a great many sins to be forgiven; sometimes I am cross to Edith, and sometimes I am impatient, and sometimes I don't love Judith, and sometimes I am disobedient to mamma, and Miss Murray; but I am sorry for it, Patience, and I do try not to be naughty." "Oh! Miss Rose," I said, "you never are naughty, I am sure." "Yes," said she, "Patience, I am; you don't know, because you cannot see into my heart; but I think God will forgive me, because I know He wishes everybody to be happy, and He sent Jesus Christ to save all the little lambs, and bring them to heaven; and I do love God and Jesus Christ, because they are so kind." She sat still a minute, and then she said again, "Is it very painful to die, Patience? Was it very painful to Alfred to die?" "No, dear," I said, "he only just left off breathing, and then he looked as if he had fallen into a sweet sleep,

and had only shut his eyes for a little while. But let us put the doll's frock on now, you see it is just finished"—for I wished her to talk about something else. "Stop a minute, Patience," said she, "don't put it on just yet. Perhaps, I shall die like Alfred." "What makes you think so, dear?" said I. "Because my throat is sore," said she; and mamma said, that people who have scarlet fever, always have their throats sore." I am sure, when she said so, I felt my very blood run cold, but I said, "Oh! I daresay you have taken a little cold; I will go and ask mamma for some nice lozenges for you; I daresay they will soon send the sore throat away." So I went into the drawing-room to my mistress; they were just set down to an early tea. My master jumped up, and my mistress burst out crying—and Miss Murray said, "Shall we send directly for Dr. Goodhart?" "Yes, directly," said my master; "but I will go myself." So he left his tea and went out; and my mistress went rushing out of the room to go to the nursery; but Miss Murray laid her hand upon her and said, "I think we must take care not to alarm her, my dear Mrs. Freemantle; if it really should be the fever, a fright at the beginning might be of serious consequence." "Very true," said my mistress; "do you go and see her; I cannot control my anxiety;" and she sat down in a chair and cried. I am quite sorry to see my mistress; all this anxiety makes her look quite ill. When Miss Murray went into the nursery, she spoke very cheerfully. "Well, darling," she said, "have you got a little sore throat; how long have you felt it?" "All the day, a little," she said, "and it is getting

sorer now." "And why did you not mention it before, dear?" "Oh! Miss Murray," said she, "because I was afraid it was the fever, and I did not like to say anything about it; if it is the fever, will you and Patience nurse me as you did Alfred?" "Yes, my love," said Miss Murray, "and we shall soon see you get well again, shall we not, Patience?" "Oh! yes, miss," I said, "if it is the fever, which most likely it is not; Miss Rose can take medicine, and tell us what we should do for her, which Master Alfred could not, and so she would get over it very soon; but I daresay it is only a cold." "Oh! no, Miss Murray, dear," said she, "it is not a cold, it is the fever; don't you see these red places on my skin?" We both looked, and saw the scarlet colour. There was no doubt she had taken the fever from that nasty drain she always smelt so.

Everybody has said since, that when they heard the dear child had a sore throat, it seemed to fall like a thunderbolt on the house; for if there is one person loved more than another by every one, it is Miss Rose. When Dr. Goodhart came into the room, she fixed her eyes upon him, as if she would read his very thoughts; he saw this, and spoke cheerfully. "Well, little miss," said he, "so *you* must have a sore throat, and a little nursing. Open your mouth, and let me see." She opened her mouth. "Ah! ah! all right; Miss Murray and Patience will soon make you all right again." She looked at Miss Murray, and smiled, and then at me, as if she felt quite happy to be left in our hands.

When the doctor left the room, Miss Murray followed him, and then he told her, that we must

be very cheerful with her; she was a sensitive little thing, and the constant alarm with Gerald's fits, and the death of Alfred, had brought her into a bad state to be attacked by any serious disease. There was no appearance of danger at present, and with judicious nursing, he hoped she might pass through it favourably—but neglect or carelessness, might alter the whole case. Miss Murray told me every word he said, and explained it all to me, so that I saw what a very serious thing nursing was, and felt almost as if her dear little life depended upon me. The doctor comforted my mistress very much; he said he really saw no reason why she should be so anxious; he thought the child would do well; and he advised her to take a little drive every day, and take the other children with her.

We seemed sadly stripped with baby gone, Master Gerald only a care, and Miss Rose just beginning the fever; out of the four merry little faces that there used to be, only Miss Edith was the same as usual. She often came to the door, and said, "Patience, may'nt I see dear Rosie?" And when I said "No, dear, you can't;" she would go slowly away along the passage, saying, "Oh! dear, what shall I do?" and go to find her mamma or Judith. Everything seems thrown out of order, and everybody's work changed, but I think everybody is trying to do their best.

Honor Green is very useful and very pleasant. Now, mind what I say, and don't be anxious; and with my dear love,

I am, your dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER XXI.

DEAR MOTHER,

I DO not exactly remember how long it is since I last wrote, but I think it must be nearly a month. I have often thought how you were longing to know about Miss Rose and me, but I have had no time for writing. Now, thank God, "the corner is turned," as Dr. Goodhart says, and we are all in high spirits to see that little angel out of danger, and gaining strength; but oh! my dear friends, how many times we have thought the last hour was come, and that we should have to follow her to the grave, and never see her sweet face amongst us again. Oh! the long, long anxious days and nights of watching, when every breath seemed as if it might be the last. Sometimes she would lie as white as a corpse, too weak to raise her head; and then her face would grow burning crimson, and she would talk without ceasing, and jump up in the bed. At such times, she seemed quite bewildered in her mind. She used to think the drain was a great giant, who was coming to poison us all, and bury us in the churchyard; and she would call out to me to hide her up, and take care of her—but more often she would say, she was going to the dear little lambs that were gathered together in heaven; and she would say, the angels were at the bedside, to take her up.

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Poor little dear, what she must have suffered ! She got so thin, that you could almost see through her hands. The knocker was tied up, and there was straw thrown down in the street before the house, to deaden the sound of the traffic, and I think we all got to speak in a whisper, and to walk on tip-toe, though Miss Murray never spoke in a whisper ; she said it was more likely to disturb, than a low gentle voice.

Dr. Goodhart said it was only the very best nursing that could save her. Oh ! how we did want to do everything better than we could. For a long time, she would not take anything to eat ; all her cry was, for water, or toast-water. I have sat by her side for the hour together, with a glass of fresh water in my hand, and a teaspoon, to give her a little whenever she liked. I thought that helped her throat more than anything ; a little and often, so as not to tire her. Then we often washed her dear little body all over, gently and tenderly, under the sheet, a small part at a time. She used to put out her arms and legs, as if it was quite a comfort to her. The doctor told me not to let her lie doubled up, but to raise her chest easily, so that she might breathe the fresh air better. We always kept the room very cool, and I kept the floor wiped with the sponge and clean water, and all the other things just as I did with poor little Alfred.

Mrs. Trubody used to take turns with Miss Murray and me, in watching ; for when the fever ran on so long, they said it would be too much for us. I think the dear child used to enjoy her being there, for when she was restless and tossing about, she used to rub her gently, and sing hymns

to her, not loud, nor yet merry, but low and sweet, and soothing, so that you almost wanted to go to sleep as she was singing. I did not know that she could sing so nicely; she says she was reckoned a pretty singer when she was young, and that she learned a great many Methodist hymns. I never told you, that she was a Methodist; I did not know it myself for a long time. I once told her I should like to be a Methodist myself. She asked me why? and I said, because I should like to be as good as she was. She said that being called a Methodist, would make no difference in me, and that she did not hold by one name, before another. Her parents were Methodists, and she had never changed; but if we were all real christians, it did not much signify what name we bore; and if we were not real christians, no name of any sect would do us any good; for God looks at the heart, and not to the name; and she advised me to keep in the Church where I was.

And so the nights and days went on almost all alike; the doctor used to come and go; he always said, she might recover. At last, one evening, he said he thought it was the crisis, or the turn of the fever, and that now we should either see her sink, or gradually recover. That night was the worst of all. I was almost afraid to breathe; and there she lay without a shade of colour on her face, her eyes half open, and her breathing sometimes so faint, that I listened as if my ear strings would crack, to catch if there was a sound or not. Oh! what a wonderful thing life seemed to me, hanging upon that little breath. Towards

morning, she closed her eyes, and fell into a quiet sleep; and Mrs. Trubody said, "Thank God, I think there is a change for the better;" and then she persuaded Miss Murray and me to go to bed, for we had none of us been able to lie down that night.

If I never thanked God before, I am sure I did that night, when I got into my own room, for my heart seemed quite lightened, though I cried like a child; for after all our fears, it now really seemed as if the dear child's life might be spared, and the change was almost too much for me. When the doctor came, he said that the fever had turned, but she would still require as much care and good nursing to bring her back to life and strength, as she had done before, and that we must not think our business was over; but oh! what a different thing it is, to nurse with the hope of life to encourage us, to what it is when there is only death to look to in the end.

I am sorry to tell you that Master Gerald has had another fit to-day, and he does not look so sensible as he used to. Dr. Goodhart said perhaps he might be better for a little change, if it could be managed; there is no sign of his having the fever, nor of Miss Edith; they have been kept quite away; and the drain is now put into proper order. The man who mended it, said it was shockingly stopped up, enough to breed a pestilence.

Now, good bye. I am quite well; a great deal better since the turn in Miss Rose; so do not be in trouble about me. I am glad to find you are all in good health; and with love,

I am, your dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER XXII.

Brighton.

DEAR MOTHER,

YOU will be surprised to see what place this letter is written from. We are now at Brighton—that is, Miss Murray, Miss Rose, Miss Edith, and Master Gerald, and me, to attend upon them. We are in lodgings; my master came down with us, and settled us in. Miss Rose gained her strength so very slowly, that Dr. Goodhart said a change to the sea-side would do her more good than he could; and he thought it would be the best thing in the world for Master Gerald, who kept having the fits. And as my mistress expects to be confined very shortly, she thought it would be a good plan to have the children away; and if Miss Murray came with them, and I came to wait upon them, and walk out with them, she could keep Judith with herself; and they thought the sea breezes would do Miss Murray good, and me too, for they say I have lost all my roses with nursing—but I don't mind that.

We are to stay here a month, and have already been here a fortnight. It is a beautiful place, with such fine houses running along for miles by the cliff, and by the sea-side. The place the

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children like best, is the chain pier; it runs a long way out into the sea, so that you almost feel as if you were in a ship, especially when the waves come tossing up round it. Dr. Goodhart said, the end of the pier was the best place for me to take Miss Rose to, for there she got nothing but the sea air. I have a little chaise to draw her in, for she is scarcely able to walk at all yet, and she is as light as a feather, she is so thin. I have often taken her there before breakfast, when there is no company on it, and we have it almost all to ourselves. One morning, I thought there was no one there. The sea was so clear and green, that you could see the bottom of it; and there were little bits of white spray all frisking about on the small waves, as if they were running races, and could not catch one another. I never saw anything so pretty; there was such a beautiful breeze, that I could not help opening my mouth to breathe in as much air as I could. Sometimes we stood still by the rails, looking down into the sea at some fishes that were swimming about; and then I raced the little carriage down the pier and back again; and Miss Rose laughed, and was so merry, and her hat had blown back, and my bonnet had blown almost off, and we were both laughing, when out came a young gentleman from the back of one of the piers. I should think he was five-and-twenty by his look; he came up to us in a very familiar way, and said, "You seem very merry this morning!" I was so taken by surprise, that I did not say anything, only I tied my bonnet tight; but Miss Rose laughed again, and said we were very merry. She

is not at all shy, and he began to talk to her, and said he could see she had been ill; and she chatted away, and told him she had been very ill, and had been in bed a great many weeks, and that Miss Murray and Patience had nursed her night and day, and so she had got well again. Then he asked who Miss Murray and Patience were? "Miss Murray lives with us," she said, "and this is Patience." "Oh! this is Patience," said he; and he looked at me in such a free familiar way, that I felt the colour rush into my face, and I said, "Now, Miss Rose, I think we had better go home." "Oh! no, Patience," said she, "don't go away yet; we have not been here nearly as long as usual." "Oh! no," he said, "don't go, I am sure it is not breakfast time yet; this is the place for getting an appetite; so now, if Patience will draw you, I will push behind." "Thank you, sir," I said, "I do not want any help; Miss Rose is very light." "Oh! do, Patience," said she, "it will be so funny to have a horse before and a horse behind." "Yes," said he, "so it will;" and he began to push the carriage, and I was forced to draw it. I felt so foolish, for he would run it fast, so that I could not stop till I got quite to the end of the pier, and then I was so out of breath, that I stood for a few moments resting against the rail. "You are quite out of breath, Patience," said he, and was going to put his arm round me, but I drew away directly. "Oh! I beg your pardon," said he, and began asking Miss Rose if she often came there; and she said, "Almost every morning before breakfast." "That's right," he said, "I shall come

and be your horse another morning; but I am going off in this boat now, for a row;" and he ran down some stairs under the pier, and got into a boat with several gentlemen; and as they rowed off, he took off his hat, and said, "Good bye, Patience;" and the gentlemen all looked up, and stared, and laughed. I felt so mad with him, and with myself too, though I did not see what else I could have done; and Miss Rose said, "He is a kind gentleman, isn't he, Patience? Don't you like him?" And I said no, I did not; I thought he had no business to speak to us, as we were quite strangers to him. "Oh!" she said, "but he wished to help you." "Well, dear," I said, "I had much rather draw you by myself; and I hope we shall never see him again." I had a great mind not to go on the pier the next morning, only Miss Rose would have been so disappointed; however, he was not there—and I hoped his promise to come again, was all nonsense; but the next morning, when we got to the top of the pier, there he was, and he spoke out more familiarly than before. "Here I am, you see, waiting to be your horse behind the carriage." "I had much rather you would not, sir," I said; and Miss Rose said, "Patience does not like you to help her." "Why not?" said he, "I should like to help Patience." "Why should you like to help her?" said the child. "Oh!" said he, "she is such a pretty good-tempered girl; she ought to be helped. Come, Patience," he said, "don't look so serious—you draw, and I push." I said, "It is not a job for a gentleman, sir, and I am sure you would not like anybody to see you."

"Oh!" said he, "there is nobody to see us, we are quite alone." "Well, sir," I said, "you may push Miss Rose, if you please, but I shall not draw her whilst you are doing it." He said he could not have believed that I could have looked so cross; and it was a pity I should spoil the dimples on my cheeks. Whilst he kept talking so, he had fast hold of the little carriage, so that I could not get away; and he asked where our lodgings were, and Miss Rose told him; and he said he often walked past our house; and he was very impertinent in asking me where I came from, and if I had a father and mother; and he asked if I ever went out for a walk by myself, as he should like to show me about Brighton, as I was a stranger. I told him I had seen as much of it as I wished to see. It seemed no use to huff him; he only got the bolder, and said I was too pretty for a nursemaid, I ought to be a lady. I told him I had no wish to be a lady, I was very happy as I was. Sometimes he talked to Miss Rose, and then he talked to me in a whisper, holding the carriage all the time. All his talk to me was about my pretty face, and how he should like to have such a pretty girl for his wife, and such stupid nonsense; and so he talked on, and would not go away, till he saw some ladies and gentlemen coming on the pier, and then he said he should look out for us again. I was very uncomfortable. I did not know what to do; I did not like to tell Miss Murray about it, because it would have made her uncomfortable, and she had quite as much upon her as she could manage, with Master Gerald and Miss Edith; and Miss

Rose must be taken out in the carriage, because we had come to Brighton on purpose for that; so I determined not to tell, and if I met him again, not to say a word in answer to anything he might say. I thought that would stop him. I must leave the rest of this foolish story till my next letter, only I must tell you that Miss Rose is getting a good deal stronger, and Master Gerald has not had a fit since we came here, but it is too short a time to have much hope about him yet; sometimes he seems quite well for a good while, and then quite suddenly, without any warning, he will have one; so we are never sure, nor without care about him.

Who do you think I should see walk past, a few evenings since, but Susan? she was with a soldier; she did not see me, and I was glad of it, for I did not like the look of her. She was dressed in a very unbecoming way, so much tawdry finery about her. I did not like her behaviour to the soldier, nor yet his to her. I wonder if she is in a place here, or if she is married. Mrs. Trubody would say in a minute, that labouring men do not walk about with their wives on week-days like that; to be sure he is a soldier, and that may make a difference; but Mrs. Trubody had no opinion that she would turn out well; she says thieves seldom do, but mostly get into prison, or go lower still. Perhaps I may meet her; if so, I shall stop and speak to her, and ask her what brought her here. I should think she must want to know about Master Gerald.

In your next, tell me what you know about Phebe Hunt, and whether she has met with

another service. I shouldn't advise a country girl to come to Brighton to look out for a place. The mistress of the lodgings here, gives a very bad account of the servants. I should not wonder if there was a great deal of temptation in such a fashionable place.

My kind love to father, Mary, Robert, and yourself.

Your dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER XXIII.

DEAR MOTHER,

I MUST now finish up my Brighton adventures, and I hope I shall never have any more like them, or else I think I should get "nervous," as my mistress says, and afraid of walking out alone. For a few mornings after I wrote my last letter, I asked Miss Rose if she would like me to draw her to Kemptown, as well as to the pier, for I was rather tired of that place. "Oh! yes, Patience," she said, "if you like it better." Of course, I did not tell her my reason, and I quite began to hope we should never see that man again; but late one evening, Miss Murray asked me if I should mind going to the chemist's, as the medicine had not been sent for Master Gerald, and she feared it might have been forgotten, and she felt rather anxious that he should take it. She said she was very sorry to send me out so late, and if I had any fear, she would run the risk of not having it, or of the chemist's sending it down later. I told her I did not mind it at all; the streets were quite light with the lamps, and I should go as quickly as ever I could. The chemist lives quite in the heart of the town, a long way from our lodgings. I cannot say I liked it, for I saw a great number of young girls walking about, and talking, as they

had no business to do; and some of them were laughing and joking with men, in a very disgraceful manner. I hated the sight of them, but I walked as fast as ever I could, as if I had business on hand, as you know I had. Well, I went to the chemist's, and got the medicine, and was just coming out at the door, when who should be coming in, but this plague of a gentleman, though I am sure he has no right to be called a gentleman. "Oh! my dear girl," he said, "how glad I am to meet you, and without your little girl; I have quite lost you for several days, and I have something particular to say to you." I should be ashamed to tell you all the foolish things he said; but he declared he was desperately in love with me, and could not live without me; and if I would trust myself with him, he would make me his wife, and buy me beautiful clothes, and dress me like a lady, and I should have servants of my own, and that I was the most lovely creature he ever beheld, and that I should make him the happiest of men, if I would only consent to be his; and then he said he would take me into a jeweller's shop and buy me a brooch; and that I must go into a friend's house with him and take a glass of wine. Whilst he was saying all this, I was walking on as fast as ever I could walk, not answering a word, till at last he seemed to get quite out of patience; and at rather a dark part of the street, he positively stopped me, and said, "Now, you shall not go a step further, till you have promised to be my wife, and to love me as I love you." I was not far from our lodgings now, so I was not afraid, and I stood still.

"Now, sir," I said, "if you touch me, I will call the police. I do not wish to make a disturbance in the street, but if you lay one of your fingers upon me, I will; but as I hope never to see you again in this world, I will tell you what I think of your conduct as a gentleman, before we part." My spirit was up, and I felt so indignant, that I did not stop to choose my words. "I can tell you, sir," said I, "I am a young girl, but I know what is right, and what is reason, and I know that you have no thought of making me your wife; I know that every word you have said, is a wicked and cruel lie to deceive me. You thought, because I was young, you could flatter me about my face, and throw me off my guard; you thought I loved fine clothes better than a virtuous character, and you tried to deceive me in that way; you pretended to love me, whilst you were hating me so much, that you would have ruined my happiness, and all my prospects in life, to gratify your own wickedness; and you have hunted me about like a bloodhound, to destroy me, and that is what you call love, and idolizing me. May God forgive me, sir, but I should like to see you caught in such a trap as you were setting for me, and other poor girls like me. You have plenty of money and fine things, and we have only got our character and virtue, which are our fortune and comfort; and you cannot be contented without ruining our character, and destroying our peace, for your amusement; and you would have seen me go down into the streets, a miserable outcast, and your hard heart would never have had one hour's less happiness for it. That is how you gentlemen

act, that pretend to love servant girls. I wish you a good night, sir," says I, "and I hope you'll repent;" and I went off as fast as ever I could, and he never stirred a step after me; but when I got into the room where Miss Murray was, I burst out a crying, for I could not hold out any longer. She was quite frightened, and wanted me to tell her all about it; and so I did, from the beginning to the end. She was sorry she had sent me out, but she said she thought I had conducted myself very prudently; and she blamed herself, because Miss Rose had said that a gentleman spoke to us on the pier, and she forgot to inquire about it; but she thought now, I should not be troubled with him again.

We are now going home on Saturday, and I am quite glad of it. I long to get settled again.

I have been writing so much about this foolish business, that I have positively forgotten to tell you that my mistress was confined, and that she had two little boys, and was doing well; and I have had a note from Judith; she says they are two beautiful babies, and exactly alike, so that she does not know one from the other, and she thinks she shall have to put a little mark upon them. She seems quite in spirits, or she never would have had this little bit of fun, for it is not like her. I daresay she feels rested, from not having had the responsibility of the children for a whole month; but I wonder what she will do with two babies; the children are quite impatient to get home to see their little twin brothers. Miss Rose is a great deal stronger, and has some colour in her cheeks again. I am afraid Master

Gerald will never be what he was before the fright; I wish nursemaids who frighten children, could see the consequences that I have seen.

My next letter I expect will be written to you from Islington, but before finishing this, I must tell you, that last evening, I met Susan in the King's road; she had another young girl with her, a very pretty girl, only very bold looking; she was much surprised to see me, and asked what brought me here. When I had told her, I asked what had brought her here, and whether she was in service. She said she was living here to please herself, and that she had left service. I asked if her mother was living here. She said no; she was here on her own account; she lived with several young ladies in a street (I forget the name of it), and they would be very glad to see me, if I would pay them a visit. "Oh! yes," said the pretty girl, "we shall be very glad to see you, if you will spend the evening with us; you will see a good deal of company that may please you, and you may please them;" and then they both laughed, and asked if I would join them. I said "No," and left them, without ever saying good bye, for I was sure they were no better than they should be.

So now I have told you all my adventures in Brighton; and I think you will be as glad as I am, that they are come to an end; so now I will conclude with my best love to all, and I am,

Your dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER XXIV.

DEAR MARY,

I WRITE to you this time, because my letter will concern you more than it does any one else; and so I may as well tell you directly what it is about. When we had been home a few days, my mistress sent for me into her room to speak to me; and what do you think she wanted to know? She asked if my mother had another daughter fit for service—she said she should be wanting a young girl in the nursery, as soon as her nurse left her, to assist Judith; and she should like her to be about the age I was when I first came; and if I had a sister about as old, she should like to try her in preference to any other girl, as she liked my mother's ways of bringing up her children; then she said she had intended at one time to take me into the nursery, but she thought a younger girl would suit Judith quite as well; and that Mrs. Trubody was not so strong as she had been, and I could be a great help in the kitchen; and she thought Mrs. Trubody was very fond of me, and she said, "Patience, under such a good cook, and such an excellent person as she is, you may have the opportunity of becoming a good cook yourself, and in time, may be able to take a place of trust as she does, which in many ways, would be much more to your advantage than

being in the nursery, where you could only be under Judith, whom I hope still to keep many years in my service." She said she wished to consider the welfare and interest of her servants, as well as her own; and that she felt it only due to me to say, that my conduct in her house, had won for me the love of the children, and the good-will of all the family. When my mistress had finished, I thanked her for her kindness and good opinion, and I said I was quite willing to take whichever place she preferred. I was very fond of the children, and Mrs. Trubody was like a mother to me; and if she wished me to be in the kitchen, I should like it very much; and I had a sister just fourteen years old, who was wanting to get into service. She asked if you were strong and healthy, and whether I thought you would suit her. I said that I had not seen you for nearly two years, and that girls altered a good deal in that time; but I knew that you had been kept regularly to school, and that my mother was very strict, and took a deal of pains with you to make you industrious and handy; and I knew that you were a beautiful needlewoman and very fond of sewing. She said that was a great advantage indeed in a nursery; and that she wished me to write and tell you her wish, and enquire if my mother would like to have both her girls so far away.

Well, now Mary, I must tell you that I feel very anxious, because I would not for the world have you come here to bring any discredit upon my mother, and I might say, not upon me either; so I must tell you, if you do think of coming, you

must not expect to have your own way, and you must not shew any temper if things do not go exactly as you may think right. I remember, you used to like your own way, and you used to be sulky if you could not get it. We were just different in that; I used to pepper up, and you used to sulk. However, neither the one nor the other will do in service, I can tell you. Servants must not have tempers at all—that is the perquisite of the master and mistress, as far as I can see; and if you have a temper, you must just master it, for it all goes wrong if you don't. It seems to me, that a good temper is one of the greatest advantages a servant can have—she is sure to make friends, and not to make enemies, and everything seems to go smooth with her, whilst others make themselves miserable by being angry, or sullen, and fretful. I have heard some of the servants say, that it only shows a proper spirit, if they are saucy, and stand up for themselves, and not be put upon. Well, it all sounds very fine, but they get nothing by it. I know I have never been out of temper but I have repented of it; I did not feel half so happy myself, and was not half so well thought of by others. Now, here is Honor Green, the sweetest temper I ever saw; her face always looks like sunshine or moonshine—it is always bright and pleasant to look at; however upset you may feel, as soon as you look at her, you are all right again. Everybody consults her—everybody tells their troubles to her—everybody is sure she will give them a help if she can, and so you have no fear, and no misgiving, when you are with her. I think, mothers and

fathers ought to be very careful to make their children good-tempered. Now, if you come, you will be under Judith; in fact, she will be your mistress, and you must not put on any airs about being ordered by a servant. She is not the best of tempers—she is too anxious and fidgetty, which often makes it disagreeable, and hard to put up with; but you must put up with it, and not with a short answer and pouting lips, but with a good will, and a cheerful face. You know I have had some experience now—I often missed the mark myself at first, but now I know her, I respect her, and I can do very well with her—we never disagree. I now remember that she is older than I am, and that she is the mistress in the nursery, and I never answer her again when she is out of sorts, and she comes round so much the sooner, and likes me so much the better. Twice she has said, she did not mean to speak short; she would not have said that, if I had been pert.

Now, don't think of coming if you cannot make up your mind to go to your work with a good heart and a good temper. I daresay you may get another place, but you will not be likely to get one where there is not something to put up with. You might get more liberty perhaps than we have here, but that would do you no good; and I should think, that taking all things together, this is a very good place—there is no bad example, and there are many advantages; and you are considered in the family; and the children will be sure to be fond of you, if you are good-tempered and obliging to them—but I don't wish to

persuade you. You, and father, and mother, will consult together about it; and when you have made up your mind, then write a letter that I can show to my mistress. It is nearly a month now before you will be wanted, so that you would have plenty of time to get yourself ready. Of course, you know, Mary, I shall be very glad to have you here; but I have not said anything about that, because other things are of more consequence.

I should like to show you the babies—they are the prettiest little dears that I ever set my eyes on; the children are wild after them, always wanting to nurse their little brothers; but I shall not write about anything else this time, but shall expect an answer from you in a few days.

With my dear love to father, and mother, and Robert,

I am, your affectionate sister,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER XXV.

DEAR MOTHER,

I WAS very glad to have your letter about Mary, and to find that you thought she would do for the place; I know it will just suit Judith, to have a girl in the nursery, who is quick, industrious, and clean; for nothing puts her out so much, as a dawdling, shiftless person. She says she had rather do all the work herself; but I am sorry to hear that Mary is conceited about herself, and inclined to be pert. They say, that people that know the least, generally think the most of themselves; so I hope, when she knows a little more, she will be cured of that; if not, she and Judith will never get on—and you had better tell her so. I cannot think, mother, how it is, that you have let Mary answer you again; you never let me do it, and I am sure I am glad you never did. I hear of such a number of young girls who lose their places through being saucy; and of course, they would not be saucy in service, if they had not first learned it at home. Dear mother, I am sure I thank you every day of my life, that you were strict with me. I sometimes used to think you might have given me a little more liberty; but now I see how other girls are brought up, I have quite changed my mind about it. It would make your heart ache, to see young

girls of twelve, thirteen, and fourteen years old, walking idly about the streets till nine or ten o'clock at night, laughing and talking in a bold way with anybody they meet. I suppose their mothers can't keep them at home, or do not care to do it. I often say to Mrs. Trubody, that I am sure it would break your heart, to see mothers bring up their families in that way; and she says she is sure it would; and it puzzles her to think what the next generation of women will be, unless there is a turn for the better. She says, when *her* mother said a thing should be done, or should not be done, she knew she meant it, and that her easiest way was to obey her; and she wishes that mothers would take their right place in their families again, and rule them, and not be ruled by them.

I think I am getting quite an old woman in some things. You see, I hear of so many bad ways, and see so many sad things happen, and Mrs. Trubody reasons it all out with me, to show me how it has come about, that as I said before, I am thankful to you every day of my life, that you brought me up in a steady, industrious way, and taught me to pay proper respect to my superiors.

Though Mrs. Trubody knows so much, she is so very respectful to those about her, and never chooses that they should be made game of in the kitchen; and she never talks about their affairs to other people; she says we have no business to do it. I am sorry to tell you, that she has the rheumatics very bad now—she can hardly move her arms without calling out. When I went down into the kitchen, yesterday morning, after

cleaning the front steps, there she was, down on her knees before the stove, polishing away, and groaning all the time. "Now," says I, "what are you doing that for? I suppose to make me ashamed." "Well, child," she said, "the stove hasn't looked to my mind all the last week, and I have been lazy, so I thought I would give it a good cleaning this morning." Says I, "You shall do no such thing, for I will do it, and make it shine so, that you can see your face all over it." "No, no," says she, "you have not time—and I must not give up in that way." "But I have time, and you shall give it up," says I; "I can do it as well as you; and if not, you can teach me—so get up;" and I put my hands under her arms to lift her up. "Oh! Patience," says she, "you'll kill me. You don't know the pain there is in my shoulders." "Well," says I, "if you won't lead, you must drive, for I mean that you should sit down and see me do it;" so she went and sat down in her chair. "Now," says I, "if you stir, I shall tie you in, for I mean to do all the hard work, and I know I can. You don't think I have had your example all this while for nothing." I saw the tears rise up in the dear old lady's eyes, and I gave her a good kiss. "Ah! you little vixen," said she, "I see you mean to be my master yet. Bless your heart, child; you are a good girl, Patience—I could not love you better, if you were my own." When she says, "Bless your heart, child," she means it; and I always feel as if I had got a blessing, so light and cheery-like I feel. I am now going to learn to be a cook in earnest—at least when Mary comes;

and it will be a double pleasure, because I shall get my learning, and help my mother Trubody at the same time. She is a good hand at teaching; there is no flurry or worry about her; but she does everything so quietly, as if she had hours before her. Even if it is the boiling of an egg, she does it all so steady, as if she had the moments counted in her head, and could not go wrong. Then she is so experienced, that she does not make blunders, or fret herself, or get into tantrums about anything. I do not think any of her cooking things are ever two inches out of their right places, except when they are in use. She says she should be ashamed to say, "Where's this?" or, "what can I have done with that?" and "the other must be lost." She can't, she says, afford to lose time and temper in that way, so she settles all the things into their places; and after a while, they keep there naturally, through habit. She advises me to be very particular about that, for cooking is rather a nervous business in itself, and you want to have your mind quite composed, and all your things ready to your hand. She says she has seen many a kitchen upset, and all the servants put into a bad temper, because the cook could not lay hold of a skewer, or spoon, or pepper-box, at the right time; and she has found, that little things often turn out to be the biggest in their consequences, because people are off their guard about them. If I do not get a good cook, it will not be her fault; and I will take care that it shall not be mine, so I don't see what is to hinder it. I can see that it is of more consequence, that the cook should be a

good woman, than any of the other servants (except it be the nursemaid) because she has so much in her power, and so much is trusted to her; and if she is ill-natured, she can make all the other servants uncomfortable in the kitchen, and at their meals; but if she is good-natured, she can make meal-times quite a pleasant change from the work. And if she is steady, and has good principles, she gets respected, and is a good example to the others; but if she is unsteady—oh! dear me! All the servants at the next house are just turned away. A man was found shut up in the pantry with the housemaid; the cook knew of it, and did not tell or prevent it; and the mistress thought the parlour-maid was in the secret. And so they are all turned away without notice, and without a character; and that is, you see, how things are going on here; and I do not wonder at everybody complaining.

Well, mother, you will see what you do see, when I am the head cook. My mistress says I am to write to you again, before Mary comes. She likes the account you gave of her quickness and industry. Of course, I did not say a word about her being inclined to answer again. If she starts with a good character, I hope she will take care not to spoil it. I am sure, Mrs. Trubody will be kind to her, and so will Honor Green, as she is to everybody; and you know, I shall do everything for her that I can.

So no more at present, from

Your dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER XXVI.

DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE no news to tell you this time, so I think you will like to hear how kindly Miss Murray used to talk to me about religion, when I was so much with her, nursing Miss Rose.

I think I begin to see what Mrs. Trubody means, when she says, she hopes I shall one day feel myself a sinner. I know we are all sinners; but I think now, perhaps I shall feel that I really am a sinner myself. When I was with Miss Murray, I always saw that I was very different to her; she liked to talk about God and good things, and she seemed always trying to please God. I would rather not have talked about Him, if I had had my own choice; I knew I was trying to please her, and my master and mistress, much more than I was to please Him. I think it was seeing her so good, and hearing dear Miss Rose say she would like to go to her Saviour, and be amongst His little lambs, that made me think I must be a sinner. Miss Murray used to talk about heaven, and say what a beautiful place it was, and that there would be no sickness, nor anxious watching, nor parting from friends, nor fear, nor sin, nor death; but only joy, joy for ever, and that we should love God perfectly there, and there would be no end of our happiness.

And she asked me if I should not like to die, and go to heaven; and I said I did not feel as if I was good enough to go there; and then I made bold to ask her if she would like to die. And she said, if it were God's will, she thought she should. She said that she was an orphan, with very few friends, and thus she had no prospect of what is called happiness in this world; and though she was quite willing to live, yet she thought she should feel very happy, if it pleased God to take her to heaven, where she should meet her dear friends again, and love God as she wished to do. "Ah! miss," I said, "you are so good, that you are not afraid to die; if I were like you, I daresay I should not mind dying." "My dear child," said she, "it is not because I am good, that I am not afraid of dying, because I am quite as much a sinner as you are, Patience. We are all sinners alike, without any really good thing in us." "Yes, miss," I said, "I know we are all sinners; but if you will pardon me for contradicting you, I am sure, you are not so much of a sinner as I am. I don't think you ever seem to do anything wrong, miss." She said it was because I did not know what was in her heart, that I thought so; and that she was a poor helpless sinner like me; but when God showed her that she was a sinner, she went to Him, and earnestly begged Him to pardon all her sins, for Jesus Christ's sake, who had come into the world, to live and suffer, and die for sinners; and she said that God did pardon all her sins, and she asked Him to give her His Holy Spirit to abide in her heart, to teach her all she wanted to know

and do. And God did give her His Spirit, and she found her mind happy and at rest. And I asked her how she knew for certain, that God had pardoned her sins; and she said, "Suppose, Patience, that you had offended your dear mother very much, but you did not like to confess to her you had done wrong, and did not like to ask her to look it over, and forgive you, because you thought she would not; and so you kept out of the way as much as you could, and felt very unhappy. And then she wrote you a letter, in which she said, 'My dear Patience, I freely forgive you for what you have done, and I shall think no more of it; let us be reconciled, and be a good girl in future.' How would you have felt, when you read the letter? Would you have believed what your mother said?" I could not help crying at the thought of offending and grieving you, mother, and of your saying, "Let us be reconciled"—but I told Miss Murray, I was sure I should believe your words, and love you better than ever, and take pretty good care not to vex you again. And she said, "You would believe your *mother's* promise in her letter to you—and I believed the promise of my Heavenly Father, in His letter to me. The Bible, is our Heavenly Father's letter of love, and instruction to His children; and I read in it, that whosoever believes in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life. And in another place, I found it written, 'That Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners;' and that God would receive and pardon all who come unto Him, through Christ the Saviour. When I found these

comfortable words, Patience, I could not disbelieve them, any more than you would disbelieve your mother's words; and I asked God earnestly, to pardon me, and I believed He would, because He said so; and I felt pardoned, and happy, and determined to please my Heavenly Father, and to love and imitate my kind Saviour, who had suffered the punishment that was due to me, and had left me His example." Then I asked Miss Murray why God should love us so much, and take so much trouble to save us? and she said it was because of His infinite love and compassion; and that we could form some idea of His love to us, by what we sometimes felt for others. And then she pointed to Miss Rose, as she lay on the bed, suffering, and unable to do anything for herself. "If you were to see her in great danger," said she; "suppose, for instance, this house were on fire, or suppose some wicked cruel man were to come to take her away, and shut her up in a prison, to torture her, and make her very unhappy—would you not do anything to save her?" "Oh! dear, yes, miss," I said, "I would go through fire and water to save her from any hurt. I think it would almost kill me to see any harm come to her." "How is that?" said she; and I said it was because I loved her so much. "But she is no relation of yours, Patience," said she. "Oh! no, miss; but that makes no difference;" and then she said, "Do you think you would do more to save this little girl, who is no relation to you, than God would do, to save His people from danger and destruction, and from their cruel enemy, the devil? God created us, and He tells us to call Him our

Father. He made us to be His dear happy children. He wishes us to be so, and He gave us rules and directions to keep us in the happy way." And I told Miss Murray that I knew that Adam and Eve broke God's laws, and then they were afraid of Him, and hid themselves in the garden, and that through them, sin had come into the world. And she said it had indeed; that ever since that time, all the people that were born into the world, had a disposition to sin and break God's laws, and then to be afraid of God, and keep away from Him; and she said that it was to bring our hearts back to Him, that Jesus Christ had died.

I asked Miss Murray, why God could not have forgiven us straight away, without Christ dying? And she said we should not have believed it; we had sinned so much against Him, that we could not believe He would pardon us, unless He had given us the most convincing proof of His love and willingness to do so. We should have thought of what we deserved, and still have been afraid that our desert would come upon us, some time or other; we should have had no comfort or confidence in our safety. And she said she would ask me a simple question. "If you," said she, "owed Mr. Rogers, the linen-draper, some money, and you had none, and were out of a situation, and were not likely to have any, perhaps you would go to him and say, you were very sorry you had got into debt, and you could not pay him, and you would be very much obliged to him if he would forgive you the debt; and suppose he said he would, how would you feel?" At first, I

thought I should be comfortable; but then I thought again, I had no claim upon Mr. Rogers, and most likely he would not strike my account out of his book, and would come upon me for the money some other day, and if I could not pay it, he might put me in prison, and I should never get out again. Then Miss Murray said, "But suppose I knew of your debt and difficulty, and I went to Mr. Rogers and asked the amount of your bill, and paid it with my own money, and he crossed the debt out of his book, and gave me his receipt for the payment, how would you feel when I gave you the receipt, and told you that you owed nothing? Would you be afraid, and expect to pay it again?" And I said, "Of course not; he could not expect to be paid twice, and I should feel quite easy in my mind." "And how would you feel towards me," she said, "who had paid the debt for you?" And I said, "Oh! dear, miss, I don't know, I could not pay you with money, I could not pay you with anything but love and thanks, and trying always to please you;" and she said, "Do you not see, my dear child, that God gave Jesus Christ to pay our debt, to take away our fear, and thus give us hearts full of love and gratitude, that we might be His dear, happy, pardoned children—and not remain burdened, fearful debtors, a long way off." "But, miss," I said, "though it sounds so easy, as you explain it, I should think very few people are so happy as God wishes them to be—there must be something else to hinder them;" and she said there was, because people did not believe God's word and promise; they did not believe that

He would pardon them fully, for His dear Son's sake, and so they still felt the burden of their debt, and were still afraid of punishment, and looked upon God as an angry Judge, who would some day call them to account for breaking His laws. And I said I did not quite understand why God's laws must be kept so very strictly, and why He forgave us for Christ's sake, instead of our own; and then she tried to make it plain to me. She said, "You know we have in this country, an excellent Queen to rule over us, and we live peaceably and quietly, because she has good laws, and has them strictly observed, that all things may be kept in order. If a law is broken, the offender is punished, that others may take warning not to do the same thing. You have often heard of people being put into prison, or even having their life taken away, for breaking the laws of the country. I said I had often heard of that, as well as of being transported, or working in the galleys. Then she asked me what I thought would be the consequence, if people were not punished when they broke the laws of the Queen; and I said I thought everything would get into disorder, and people would do all sorts of bad things, and we should not love and respect our Queen half so much as we do now. And Miss Murray said, did I not think it might be needful also for God to make laws to govern the whole world, that all His subjects might live happily and prosperously, and also to punish those who broke them? and I said I had no doubt it was right, and that I should think if God did not punish those who broke His good laws, that we

should not respect Him so much as if He did punish them. I said I felt sure it must be so. She said she was glad I thought so; and she would show me the difference between the punishment of our earthly Queen, and of our Heavenly Father. "We will suppose, Patience," said she, "that I had committed some great crime, for which I was sentenced by the laws of the country, to die; our Queen might pity me so much, that she might even say to her son, the Prince of Wales, 'We must not have the laws of the country broken and despised, for the honour of the crown, as well as the good of all my subjects; but if you, my son, would suffer her punishment for her, she might be saved, and the crown might retain its dignity, and the people's hearts might be melted into love and contrition, and be more disposed to obey the laws when they saw the sacrifice that sin cost.'" "Oh! dear, miss," I said, "I am sure the Queen would never say so; and I am sure the Prince of Wales would never choose to be hanged for anybody." "No, Patience," said she, "I am sure they would not; and I should have to suffer the punishment I deserved; but our kind Heavenly Father, in order to save us from eternal death, spared not His own Son, but gave Him up freely for us all, and His dear Son gave Himself to die for us, and God laid upon Him the iniquity of us all, and He bore our sins in His own body on the tree, and for His sake who bore this shameful death, and who thus magnified the law and made it honourable, we are pardoned, accepted, loved, and our fear and punishment are taken away, and our hearts

are set free to serve God with a grateful, joyful service, and to rejoice in our Lord Jesus Christ."

Still, mother, after all this talk with Miss Murray, and a great deal more that she said to me, I don't think I feel so much of a sinner as I ought to do. I told Miss Murray so. I said I tried to do my duty to my master and mistress, and the family, and I did not see where I was so very wrong, and she asked me whom I was most anxious to please, my master and mistress, who had been kind to me about two years—or my Heavenly Father, who had cared for me daily all my life long. I said I certainly did think I was most anxious to please my master and mistress. I saw that must be wrong, and very ungrateful, but it did not seem to be in me to do otherwise. And she said that was quite true, it was not in me; and I must pray to God to give me His Holy Spirit and a new heart, and then I should love God first, and all others in the second place, and that the Holy Spirit would show me the sinfulness of my natural heart. And so I do ask for the Holy Spirit, and I mean to go on asking, and perhaps when I am quite in earnest, I shall have it given to me; but I don't think really in my own heart, that I am very earnest to see myself a wicked sinner; it looks so unpleasant.

Well, dear mother, you will pray for me, and I will conclude this long letter with my love to all.

I am, your dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER XXVII.

DEAR MOTHER,

THERE seems to be no end of things going on in this world; and when you live amongst a great many people, you hear of so much more than we used to do in the country, where almost all the days were alike, and a bit of news was a wonderful thing, so you will be prepared for another story, and a very sad one.

A few evenings ago, Mrs. Trubody and I were in the kitchen; the parlour dinner was over, and the things put away, and we were chatting together very comfortably over our tea, and she had just said, "When the wind is blowing in this way, Patience, and the rain coming down in floods, I often think how much better house servants are off, than almost anybody else. They have few real hardships, plenty to eat and drink, a good fire to sit by, a good bed to sleep on, and no care or responsibility, except to do their duty—and they might, if they chose, be the happiest people in the world." Just as she said this, we were both startled by a loud knock at the back door; "Bless me," said she, "who can be coming here, on such a night as this? go and see, child, but take care of the candle when you open the door, or it will blow out." When I opened the door, there stood a strange woman, smelling

strong of gin. In a very rough voice, she said, "Does one, called Mrs. Trubody, live here?" "Yes," said I, "what do you want with her, if you please?" "Oh!" said she, "bid her to come here—my business is with her, and not with you." "Oh! but," says I, "she has the rheumatics very bad, and I can take any message to her." In a much rougher voice, she said, "I must see her, and that directly." By this time, Mrs. Trubody had come to the door. "What do you want with me?" she said. "If your name is Trubody," said the woman, "you must come with me, to see a woman that's dying, and keeps asking for you, a good-for-nothing slut." "What is her name?" said Mrs. Trubody. "She says her name is Abigail, and I don't know any more about her; if I had, she should have died in the street, and not have come into my house, to plague me." Mrs. Trubody asked when she came to her house. "About four hours since," said she; "I had a room to let, and she saw the paper in the window, and she came and said she would take it, and that she could pay me. I did not like the look of her, but she said she would pay me a week's rent forward, for she was very tired, and in such a rain, she could not look any further for lodgings. And so, fool as I was, I took her in, and not two hours after, she was put to bed with a little girl, without a rag to put upon it, and nothing for herself, and not a farthing of money, beyond what she had paid me for the rent, just to take me in, a good-for-nothing slut. I wish she had died in the street, before I had had the trouble of her; a pretty business for me, to have her die in my

house, and leave the baby. However, that will go to the workhouse at once; but her friends must pay me, and I take you to be one of them." "She was only a fellow-servant of mine," said Mrs. Trubody; "but did she send you for me, or did you come of yourself?" "Why, both ways," said the woman; "she said you were the only friend she had, and she would like to see you before she died." "If you really think she will die, I will go with you at once," said Mrs. Trubody; "if not, I will wait till to-morrow." "She will not see the light of another day," said the woman, "if you would see her, you must go with me now." "I will go with you, then," said Mrs. Trubody; and she went and told my mistress where she was going; and when I had wrapped her up as well as I could, away she went, out in the wind and rain, with that bad-looking woman, and I sat in the kitchen, almost counting the minutes till she came back again. She was not home till past ten; and when she came into the kitchen, she was ready to drop; I had got a cup of tea ready for her, and her supper, and a nice bright fire, and before I asked her a word, I took all her wet things off, and gave her some dry shoes; and when I had poured out the tea for her, I asked if it really was Abigail. She drank the whole of the tea before she said a word. "Was it Abigail, you say, Patience? Well, *she* said so—and it must have been; but I never should have known her—her own mother could not have known her, I am sure; such an object I never beheld! Oh! Patience, if thousands of the young girls who think so little about their end

now, could have seen that death-bed, they would have been frightened at last." "You don't mean to say that she is really dead?" said I. "I do," she said; "she is gone to give in her account to the righteous Judge. She was just at her end when I got there—she did not live above a quarter of an hour after, but she was quite sensible to the end. I said to her, 'Are you prepared to go, Abigail?'" "Prepared?" she said, almost with a shriek, "prepared! yes—to go to hell—that's what I am prepared for—and that's where I am going—I have been preparing for *that* all my life long; don't talk to me, it's too late." "What did you want to speak to me about then?" said I. "I wanted to ask you to lay me out," said she. "I could not bear to have this hard-hearted wretch touch me, even when I am dead." "I am not worse, nor yet so bad as you are," said the woman, furiously. "'Tis such as *you*, make such as *me*," replied Abigail, in a fierce voice. "Silence," said I to Abigail; "don't die with angry words upon your tongue." Then she lifted up her hands, and said, in the most heart-rending voice, looking at me, and then at the girls round the bed, 'Take warning by me—warning by me!' and she went on repeating the words; and as her voice died away—'Warning by me,' was the last I heard. It was easy to see the character of the woman and girls that stood round the bed, and I said to them, 'Let these words ring in your ears, till they force you to flee from your wicked ways.' There was one of them, a very young girl, crying bitterly. I asked her to come and help me to do

the last duties to the poor skeleton of a body; and while she helped me, I talked to her, and persuaded her to turn back now she was young. She said she wished she could, but she was got down, and could not get up again. She had no clothes, and no character, and nothing but the wages of sin to exist upon. I told her, if she was in earnest, I would see what could be done for her. She flung herself down upon the floor, sobbing, and caught hold of my clothes. 'Oh!' she said, 'if you would, I would bless you all the days of my life—and I am so ill, and so miserable, I don't know what to do with myself, and I have not a friend in the world; oh! if you would.'" "Poor thing," says I; "but about the baby—what's become of that?" "Oh! poor little soul," said Mrs. Trubody, "there it lay, wailing, and wailing, by its dead mother—left in the wide world, without parent, or friend, and with a curse in its blood, and a brand on its name. I washed it, and did the best I could for it; and one of the women gave me a rag, and another gave me a rag, and so I managed to wrap it up somehow; and the young girl ran and bought a half-penny worth of milk for it, and said it should sleep with her that night. Directly the woman saw that poor Abigail was dead, she went off to the overseer; and I suppose if the baby lives, it will be taken to the workhouse to-morrow, to be brought up a pauper, and a bastard—and that is the end of Abigail, and thousands like her. I shall take something decent for a shroud, to-morrow morning. Oh! Patience; to think of

what she was, and might have been ; and of what she has been, and is now." Mrs. Trubody cried, and so did I; and it was late before we went to bed.

I don't know how long I had been asleep, when I woke up suddenly with a noise in the room, and there I saw Mrs. Trubody sewing at some new flannel she had bought for herself only a few days before. "Why, dear mother," I said (for I sometimes call her so), "I thought you were in bed a long time ago!" "I could not sleep, child," said she; "my mind is too full of sad thoughts, and so I am just running up this piece of flannel for a shroud for her, poor thing." "Shall I get up and help you?" said I. "Oh! no, child, I shall have plenty of time—the work will pass away the hours, and it is the only thing I can do for her now. Young heads are not like old ones—lie down, and go to sleep again, my dear; but I shall wake you early in the morning, for I shall leave you all the work to do, both yours and mine." "With all my heart," said I; "but what are you going to do in the morning?" "Well," she said, "I shall take this shroud to the house before breakfast, and put it on the poor body myself. I could not trust that woman to do it; and I mean to call on old Jacobs and his wife as I go, and ask if they will take in that young girl to lodge, if I pay for her being there; and if I find her in the same mind as she was last night, I shall bring her back with me, and leave her with them. I have been thinking it all over, and that is the best plan I can hit upon; and she may take heed to poor Abigail's warning. I am sure

I cannot get her last words out of my ears." "I am sure I can't," says I; and I am ashamed to say I was asleep almost before the words came out of my mouth—and I slept without dreaming, I believe, till she woke me. Oh! she looked so sadly—not a bit of colour in her cheeks; I do not think she had slept at all, and she spoke so heavy-hearted, for she is so feeling for everybody. Her bonnet and shawl were laid on the bed, to go out as soon as it was light enough, and the shroud she had tied up in a handkerchief.

I was up in the twinkling of an eye; and before I was well dressed, I lit the fire and put the kettle on, to make her a cup of tea before she went out. She said there was no occasion for it—but I knew there was—a pretty shame it would have been for me, to let her go out with rheumatics, on a cold November morning, without having something to warm her inwardly first.

When she came back, she would not tell me anything about the house, where Abigail died. She said it would do me no good, and she must try and forget it; but she brought away the poor girl, and left her at old Jacobs'. She was forced to pay a month's lodgings at the house; the woman would not let her go away without, and she was very angry with Mrs. Trubody for taking her away at all; but I am sure she will think her money well spent, if she can help this poor miserable girl to turn back again. Her name is Ruth Banks. I suppose we shall know her story some time or other; but I must close this long letter. I thought you would like to know the end of poor Abigail—is it not sorrowful?

My mistress has just sent for me to say, that Mary is to come on Wednesday week, that is, the 15th of this month. I am to go to the station in the omnibus, to meet her. I shall be there before she is, and I shall look out sharp for her, so she need not be afraid of being lost. My dear love to her, father, and Robert, and I am,

Your dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER XXVIII.

DEAR MOTHER,

I AM glad to tell you that Mary got here quite safe; I was at the station, and soon spied her out, and she saw me in a minute. You may be sure we had plenty to talk about as we rode to Islington. How very much she is grown, and I should say, improved—they all say here, that she is a very nice-looking girl; and I heard that my mistress had said, she was very much pleased with her appearance. I think so far, Judith takes to her, and the children seem to like her. I hope she will get on well—but it is early times to judge yet; I remember you used to say, that “New brooms sweep clean.” She will write to you next; and by the time I write again, there will be more to say about her.

And now I must thank you for the seed-cake, and the apple turnovers. Oh! how good they were; they looked exactly as they used to do at home. I told Mrs. Trubody that she never made anything half so good, with her beautiful flaky crust. She said it was not the crust, but the sweetening, that made the difference; that she used the sugar that was bought at the grocer’s shop, but that mine was sweetened with home love, and mother’s love, and that made them quite another thing; and I believe she was right, for

whilst I was eating them, I kept thinking of our seed-cake that we used to enjoy so of a Sunday afternoon; and I could almost fancy I saw the old bent apple-tree, that was always so full of apples, when I was eating the turnover. When shall I see the old apple-tree, and you again, I wonder? Hearing so much about you from Mary, has made me rather more impatient than I was before. Mrs. Trubody thinks very likely my mistress will let me go home next Whitsuntide, so I shall look to that, and if I am disappointed, I must bear it; but you could hardly believe how much I feel myself at home here. I seem just like one of the family. I like them all, and I believe they like me; and I should not like to be in a strange place again, where nobody cared for me, and I cared for nobody.

I must now tell you something about poor Ruth Banks, for I am sure you will be wishing to know how she gets on. She has been at old Jacob's more than a fortnight, and she is so happy and grateful, that the old man and his wife are getting quite fond of her. She was almost naked when she went there, and had only just the clothes she had on, and they were quite worn out. Mrs. Trubody bought her some flannel and calico, for under garments—and Ruth made them up for herself. I gave her one of my round aprons (I shall get another for myself), and my oldest print frock, for she had only a flimsy flounced thing, that Mrs. Trubody said she should not wear, for she did not look respectable in it. Honor, poor girl could not do much for her, because she has not much to do with, but she

gave her several useful things; and Judith was uncommonly kind—she gave her some shoes and stockings, and money, and other things, that a poor girl with nothing at all, will feel the value of. Mary, of course, could not give away any of her nice new clothes; but she would not be behind us, and she gave her one of the two shillings that you gave her for pocket-money, till she took her wages. She said she would do with one shilling for herself. We are all so happy with the thought of putting this poor girl into the right road again, that we don't mind pinching ourselves a bit; and Mrs. Trubody says it will be a blessing to us indeed, if we are permitted to snatch her out of the pit. Ruth has not been to this house yet—Mrs. Trubody will not allow of that, but we hear of her from Jacob; and Mrs. Trubody has persuaded our laundress to try her, as she can wash well, and iron very nicely; so if she goes on, as we hope she will, she will be able to support herself with food, and Mrs. Trubody will pay for her lodging; and if nothing goes wrong, in a few months, when she has well proved her, she will try and get her into a situation again. I will tell you how she came into this bad state. She came to Islington from the country, just like us. She had had a good schooling, and can read and write very well, and is a good needlewoman, but she says she was always fond of dress, and her mother never restrained her; and when she had been in service in the country a few years, she got unsettled, and wished to get into a town, where it was livelier, and where she expected to get better wages; and so she came up with some one to Islington, and I believe she got a very good place,

as far as the place went; but the cook was a very flighty, unsteady young woman, who, unknown to her mistress, had a sweetheart come to see her in the evening; and she would give him his supper, and food to take home with him, besides beer and wine, that she managed to get for him out of the cellar. Ruth saw this going on, and did not tell her mistress; she was afraid of the cook, and she sometimes told falsehoods for her when questions were asked about things, and thus she made herself a partner in the sin. At last, the mistress fancied there was more food eaten in the kitchen than should be, and wine was missed, and some spoons could not be found, and she took particular notice, and it was all found out; and as it was proved that Ruth knew about it, they were both sent off together without a character. They neither of them had a home in Islington, and they went to that bad lodging house. I suppose they did not know what sort of place it was, at first. They both tried to get into service—but having no character, they could not. The cook very soon joined in with the girls who lived in the house, and took to the same miserable, wicked life. Ruth still went on trying to get a place; and she pawned her clothes, one after another, to pay for food and lodging, so that at last, even if she had found one, she had not clothes decent to go in, and she was in debt to the woman of the lodging-house, and as she says, she was driven, and persuaded to join with the others; but she was wretched all the time, for she knew she was going body and soul to hell; and she says, when Mrs. Trubody came that night to see poor Abigail, it seemed as if an angel had

been sent direct from heaven to save her. She is a pretty-looking girl, about twenty years old. My mistress does not know anything about it; and we do not tell her history to any one, because we think she will feel more hope, and get on better, if no one knows she ever disgraced herself; beside, as Mrs. Trubody says, we know what we should like ourselves, if we were in her place, and trying to do well. I shall finish this letter off with a foolish story about myself; but you say you like me to tell you everything, and so I may as well tell you this, to make you laugh.

Since I came home from Brighton, I have often had to go to the grocer's for one thing or the other. The first time, one of the apprentices, a foolish young lad, with moustaches, and a little whisp of hair on the middle of his chin, asked me if I was not the young lady from Mr. Freemantle's. I said no—I was the kitchen-maid. He said he could not have believed it by my appearance, and made some speeches, that I suppose he thought were very fine. Another time when I went, he asked if I ever walked out on a Sunday afternoon or evening? I told him no. He said if I could make an opportunity, he should be proud to take a walk with me. I told him I never did walk out, except to church and back again. He said many young ladies were not so very particular about going to church, but took a pleasant walk instead, and he had no doubt I could manage it if I tried. I told him I daresay I could, but that I should be ashamed to try. "Oh!" he said, "the housemaid that lived with you some time since, frequently walked out when her mistress thought she was at church." "You mean

Abigail," said I; "I do not make her my example." Well, last week, I had to go to the shop again, and no one was in it but this young gentleman; so I suppose he thought it would be a good opportunity, and he made me an offer of his hand and heart. I just asked him how old he was; at this, he coloured and looked sheepish, but he said he was between nineteen and twenty. "Well," said I, "I am between seventeen and eighteen; in a few years, we shall be grown up, and I have made up my mind not to think of marrying till I am five-and-twenty; so if you held in the same opinion so long, and like to ask me then, I can turn it over in my mind." At this, he laughed and looked very foolish, and I think that will be the end of his courtship. I find most of the apprentice boys do not think themselves set up, till they have a sweetheart to walk with; and none of the girls seem satisfied, till they have a lover. I suppose I am very hard-hearted, or else I like my liberty so well, that I keep clear of these mantraps. Mrs. Trubody thinks very badly of early marriages. I hope Mary will not be soft-hearted and foolish, or I shall be quite frightened about her; but she will not have much opportunity to get acquaintances. Judith does not favour anything of the kind—she is a regular old maid. I think you will say, if I cannot write more sense than this, I had better leave off; and as my paper is full, I will do so. And with our love to you, and father and Robert,

I am, your dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER XXIX.

DEAR MOTHER,

You often used to tell us, that we did not know what a day might bring forth; and I am sure you will say so now, when I tell you what happened last Thursday. My mistress, Miss Murray, the children, and Mary, were gone to Hampstead to spend the day, and to return to a late dinner. Judith had the two babies in the nursery, and Honor was gone out to do a little shopping for my mistress, and Mrs. Trubody and I were in the kitchen.

It was soon after the servants' dinner. There was a large saucepan of water boiling on the stove, and Mrs. Trubody went to take it off. Since she has had the rheumatism so much, her arms have been very weak, and in lifting the saucepan, the handle slipped, and she poured the scalding water all down the front of her right leg and over her foot. I flew to her, and set the saucepan down. "What have you done to yourself?" said I. "Oh! my dear," said she, "I have scalded my leg terribly; help me to take my stocking off, child, at once;" and she shook all over like a leaf. "Stop," said I, "don't be afraid; sit down on your chair, and I will manage it all right for you. I saw Dr. Goodhart dress Miss Edith's arm, when she scalded it—so I ran

and soaked a cloth in warmish water, and wrung it out, and wrapped it round her leg to cover all the scalded part; and then I flew upstairs to Judith, to beg one or two sheets of nice wadding, for I knew she had some beautiful fine wadding that was bought for my mistress. "What is the matter?" said she. "Oh!" said I, "pray don't make me wait; Mrs. Trubody is badly scalded." In a moment she got the wadding. "Do you want any help?" said she; only I don't know how to leave the children, for they are both awake." "I shall do," I said, "now I have got this." Then I ran to the sideboard in the dining-room, and poured out a glass of wine, and took it down to Mrs. Trubody, who was fit to faint with the shock and the pain. I then took a pair of scissors and cut her stocking all the way down, so as to get it off without breaking the skin. It was as red as fire, but no blisters had risen; so I snatched up the dredging box, and floured it well over—then I took one of the sheets of wadding that I had opened, and fitted it closely to the leg and foot, by snipping it in different places; then I fitted the other sheet in the same way, for I knew the principal thing was, to keep the air out; and when it was all neatly packed up, I bound it round to keep it from getting loose. "There!" says I, "that is exactly how Dr. Goodhart would have done it himself; and then he would say, you should lie down on your bed; so let me help you on to it, and I will see after the dinner." "Oh! no, child," said she, "I can sit here, and help you a little—you won't know how to manage it all." "Now, dear mother," says I, "you often talk

about faith—have a little faith in me this time, and you shall see that I will not disappoint you.” “Well, Patience, have your way,” said she, “for I don’t feel able to help much; the scald takes on worse than it did before you put the wadding on; do you think you were right?” I told her the doctor said it would pain more at first, but it would soon feel better; so she was satisfied, and I helped her on the bed, and covered her up, and told her to go to sleep. “Oh!” said she, “that is sooner said than done.” Then I went back into the kitchen, and sat myself down for five minutes, to get right again, before I went about my work, when all in a minute such a faintness came over me, that if I had not jumped up and drank some cold water, I believe I should have gone quite off. I did not feel upset at the time, but it came over me afterwards.

As soon as my mistress came back, I went directly and told her all about it, and what I had done; and I said I hoped she would not think I had been too bold in getting a glass of wine for Mrs. Trubody, for I remembered that Dr. Goodhart had said, if persons had a great burn or scald, it upset the nerves so much, that it was well to give them a little wine. “You did quite right,” said she; “I am glad you remembered it.” I told her I would buy some more wadding for Judith’s work, if she would allow me to go out in the evening. She would not hear of that, she said; Mrs. Trubody was perfectly welcome to the wadding, or anything else she had, and that she would come and see her. So when she had

taken her bonnet and shawl off, she came down and enquired all about it; and when she found Mrs. Trubody in great pain, she said she should not be satisfied without sending for Dr. Goodhart, though she was sure I had done the best I could. As she went through the kitchen, I said I hoped she would look over it, if the dinner was not quite as perfect as it should be. "Oh!" she said, "my child, I should be quite satisfied with a dinner of bread and cheese under these circumstances; don't make yourself at all anxious about the dinner;" and she spoke so kindly, and looked so pleasant, that I felt quite to love her. However, I sent the dinner up, as I thought complete, till Honor came down and asked if I had made any caper sauce for the mutton; that her mistress said, it was of no consequence if I had forgotten it. Well, I had forgotten it, and that took my pride down a little bit, for I thought I had remembered everything.

In the evening, the doctor came—he said he would not disturb the dressing, that he could not have done it better himself; and he thought he should engage me for one of his nurses. As he went up the stairs, I heard him praise me to my mistress; he said, I had my head set on in the right way—and that Mary seemed to be a nice girl; my mistress replied, that she was very much pleased with her, and that we had both been brought up well at home. "Ah! my dear madam," said he, "it is good mothers and good mistresses, that make good servants and good women." I tell you this, dear mother, for a little reward for you.

I am glad to tell you that Mary goes on very

nicely—and as she is quite in favour with every one now, I may tell you a little story about her.

I happened to go into the nursery one day, as Mary was folding up the children's clothes. I don't know if Judith was in a worry, or if Mary was slow, but she told Mary twice to make haste—and what do you think she had the impudence to say? that she should take her own time. Before Judith had time to speak, I flew upon Mary, and asked her how she dare answer Judith in that way—that she seemed to forget she was her superior. “She's no superior of mine,” says Mary. “But she is,” said I, “every way; she is older than you—she has a great deal of experience, and knows a hundred times more than you do, whatever you may think of yourself—and you are put under her, to do what she tells you; and you can do no less than ask her pardon for behaving yourself so badly.” “I shall do no such thing,” says Mary. “Very well,” says I, “then I shall tell my mother of you in the very next letter I write, and what do you think she will feel?” This soon brought down poor Mary's pride, for she is a good-hearted girl after all; and without making any more ado, “Nurse,” says she, “I am sorry I spoke to you so; I won't do it again.” “Very well,” says Judith, “that's right—I shall think no more about it this time.” And so you see it ended well. I am glad I happened to be there, and Mary has felt the truth of what you often used to tell her—that “a haughty spirit goes before a fall.” You will not take any notice of it when you write, as I think she felt very much ashamed of herself.

I hear that my master and mistress, and all the

family, are going to Brighton, to spend the Christmas-week; and that Judith and Mary are to go with them; and Mrs. Trubody, Honor, and I, shall be left to take care of the house. I think it will be quite a treat for Mary. Don't expect to hear from me again till we are left alone, as I have a great deal upon me now, and I shall have, till Mrs. Trubody gets about again; so you must make up your mind that all is going on well, and look for a long letter in the Christmas-week. So now good bye for the present; and with dear love from us both,

I am, your dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER XXX.

DEAR MOTHER,

CHRISTMAS-DAY has come, and is gone again, and now we have begun the winter in earnest. The snow has been falling more or less, for the last week, and the roofs of the houses are white, only sprinkled with smuts. Oh! how I should like to see our Common now, all in a dazzling white sheet, with the tips of the furze bushes peeping through; and to watch the great flakes come fluttering down by the holly bushes with the scarlet berries on. Oh! how pretty that was—but I don't think snow in the town is pretty; it is so soon trodden into a dirty mud colour.

But I am going to tell you about our Christmas-day—it was a beautiful sharp frost—the snow did not begin to fall till the next day; and as my mistress had left us at liberty to spend the day as we liked, and wished us to enjoy ourselves, we determined that we would do so. We were to have roast beef and plum pudding, and mince pies; we got the pies made, and the puddings mixed, and all our work done up the day before. Mrs. Trubody said she would stay at home and keep house, and cook the dinner; and Honor, and I, and Ruth Banks, went to the morning service. My mistress had given us leave to have Ruth spend the day here.

When the service was over, we set off for a long walk. Honor and I wanted to get into the real country, not at all like Islington. I wanted to get to a Common, and she wanted to get to some pretty lanes, or to climb over some stiles into the meadows. Away we went, as merry as larks. The air was bright and clear with the frost, and the pathway as hard and dry as a rock. It was quite a pleasure to walk, and we felt so strong, breathing that fresh air, that we said we could walk all day. Poor Ruth was just as glad as we were—she looked like a neat, respectable servant, in the clothes we had given her. She walked between us. I think we both felt like mothers, and I am sure I felt quite proud of her. We passed a number of little parties, going to spend their Christmas-day somewhere; and everybody's face looked happy, as if they had a pleasure in prospect. Mile after mile we walked on, and nothing like a common, or a lane, could we see—only rows of houses, and villas, and rows again, without end, and nothing at all like the country. At last, I stopped a respectable-looking man and asked him if there was not any common about there? "Common?" says he—"no, there be'ant nothing common about here, as I knows of." "Weil," says I, "is there a heath, then?" "Heath!" says he; "well, there's Hampstead heath, about two miles further on." "And is it a beautiful place?" said I. "Oh! aye," said he, "and no mistake—you are all right in the road for it—keep on straight." Then Honor, seeing I had such good luck, asked him if there were any lanes near? "Well, young woman,"

said he, "I am just come out of Apple-tree lane." "And is it a pretty lane?" said she. "Well," he said, "the houses is pretty comfortable, but mostly small." "Oh! houses," said she, "I didn't want any houses." "Well," said he, laughing, "what did you want then? I don't know of any lanes hereabouts without houses." "Then are there any pretty meadows about here, with stiles into them?" said Honor. "Well," he said, "there's a new turnstile put up by the green, yonder, just where you see that row of houses." "Thank you," said Honor; and she could not help laughing to see how stupid he was; and we all laughed when he was too far off to hear us. "Never mind," says I, "I will show you my heath, only let's make haste;" and we walked on again two miles further—and then on the milestone, we saw Hampstead. "We can't be far from the heath now," said I; and a woman coming by at the time, I asked her if she could direct us to Hampstead heath. "Why!" said she, "this is Hampstead heath, where you are." "Hampstead heath!" says I; "is this the heath? here is no heath, nor furze, nor anything, but houses, and gardens, and pleasure grounds; isn't there a real heath, without houses?" and she said, "Not that I knows of—this is called Hampstead heath, and it is reckoned a very beautiful place." "Well," said I to Honor, "then let's go back again—we can see houses in our own street; and we all said how provoking and vexatious it was—but dear me! we were all so merry, we did not care anything about it; and we posted back again, as

hungry as hunters, and got home a little before four o'clock, for we had determined to have a late dinner, so that we might have this long walk first.

Mrs. Trubody had got everything very nice, and the kitchen was ornamented with holly, and a piece of misletoe was hung up, and we all went under it and kissed one another. I never saw Mrs. Trubody look so nice; we told her she was quite beautiful. She had a pretty cap, with a double quilted border all the way round, and tied with a broadish piece of white ribbon under her chin. She always ties her best cap with white ribbon, and it sets close round her face, and makes her look motherly and comfortable. Her hair is iron-grey, just the colour of farmer Miller's riding horse; but her eyebrows are black, and her eyes a beautiful clear brown; and when she has a bright colour, as she had that day, her face is all love and sunshine. But I must tell you all her dress. She had on her dark brown merino gown—it is not made high up to her throat, because she wears under it a white muslin handkerchief, rather stiff, and laid in folds—and over it, she has a small shawl pinned on her shoulders; and wears a long white linen apron—a little stiff, as if it had a thought of starch in it; and to finish all, she had a black velvet band round her throat, fastened with a small brooch, with her old mistress's hair in it. The family gave it to her, as a memorial of their esteem, when her mistress died. She is not a large woman, nor yet small—I should say about your height, but she is rather stouter, and her

face is broader—she always has a colour. I tell her it is ingrained, just like the streaky apple in our orchard. I think she must have been very pretty when she was young; I told her so one day—and to turn it off, she asked me if I knew to what Solomon compared a fair woman, without discretion? I said yes, to a “jewel of gold in a swine’s snout;” for I had just read about it. I thought the jewel of gold would soon be lost, while the pig was rooting about in the earth. “Yes,” said she, “that’s right; and I will give you another of Solomon’s sayings about beauty—‘Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.’ ‘The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit,’ that is the true beauty, Patience, in the sight of the Lord, that is of great price.”

But I must go on with my story. We thoroughly enjoyed our dinner, for we were very hungry. We were just like three sisters, with Mrs. Trubody for our mother. We all called her “Mother,” and she was as happy as any of us, though tears sometimes started into her eyes, but I am almost sure they were only tears of thankfulness—she is so tender-hearted; and to see Ruth so changed, I hardly myself knew, whether to laugh or cry. Mrs. Trubody had bought us some nuts for a dessert; so when we had cleared away the dinner things, we sat round the fire to crack them, and chat; and we set one another guessing riddles; and Mrs. Trubody said that Honor must tell us the history of her life, as she had often promised to do, when she could get time for it; and we told her there

was plenty of time this evening—and we would listen, if she would begin. Then I jumped up, and put another piece of coal on the fire, and the kettle on for tea; but we would not light the gas, we thought it would be more cozy by the fire-light—and then we told her we were ready. She made some excuses at first, and said she was afraid we should think her story did not pay for the hearing; but we said we should see about that, when she had finished it; so she laid her hands together on her lap, and sat a few minutes, thinking, and then began her story, which I shall tell you as nearly as I can remember it, for I know it will just please you.

“Well,” said she, “I shall begin my story like a book. I was born at a small sea-port town, in Norfolk. My mother was a widow before I was born; my father was a fisherman, and was lost by the upsetting of his boat in a storm. I have often heard her tell of that terrible night, when she was left a widow with one child, and expecting another; but she was not a woman to sit down and fret at the providence of God; she said He held the winds and the waters in His hand—and He would not have suffered the gale to blow that night, except for some wise purpose; therefore, directly she got about again, after my birth, instead of going to the parish, or asking charity, she set herself to work with a good will, resolved to support her family respectably. A hundred times I have heard her say, ‘The Lord can provide, and the Lord will provide His children with bread to eat, and clothes to wear, because He knows they have need of such things.’

This did not make her lazy, but it made her work cheerfully in hope, because, as she said, 'God helps them who help themselves.'

"My brother was four years old when my father died—my mother sent him to school directly; she said it was her bounden duty to give him a schooling—to start him fair in life; and she would do what was right, and trust the Lord to enable her to earn the money to pay for it. That was her way always—she would do what was right, and leave it to the Lord to prosper her doings; and He did prosper her doings. She has told me that she has often taken a job of work to do, without knowing how to do it—but she thinks the Lord gave her the gift of understanding. She was very fond of reading the Psalms, and studying over particular texts; she often said, 'The Lord is my helper. He is my shield on my right hand.' She was fond of finding a text to match with everything she did, and was never afraid, except she had a doubt whether she was in the Lord's way. She had many sayings I shall never forget; one was, 'What is well earned, must be well spent;' and she studied as much about the spending of her own money, as if it was another person's, and she must give in the exact account—and I have no doubt, that was the reason why her money went so far. She said she could not trust the Lord to give her money to buy artificial flowers with; but she could trust for the needful things of a family—and these she considered to be rent, schooling, bread, soap, fire, and candles. 'I must keep a house over your heads,' she would say. 'I must give you bread, that you may gain

strength to work for yourselves—I must give you schooling to help you on—I must keep you sweet and clean, that we may not be ashamed of one another—and I must have light to work by’—and we always had these, and as much more as she could afford; and she seldom wanted a job, because people depended upon her—and many of those she worked for, were good to her; and she was good too, for she was a woman of a great kind heart. I doubt you will be tired of hearing about my mother; but when I begin to talk about her, I don’t know where to stop.” “Go on, my dear,” said Mrs. Trubody, “it does me good to hear of such a woman, she is an example for us all.” “Well, Mrs. Trubody,” said Honor, “I often wonder now, how she managed with her earnings, to keep us all so tidy and respectable as she did. I can’t remember the day when I was ragged or dirty—she would sooner sit up all night to wash or mend for us; but to be sure, she soon made us useful to her; she never kept us away from school—never—but she did not let us hang and dawdle about when we were at home—she said change of work was as good as play, and I think she put her spirit into us. She did her work as if she liked it, without any complaint—and we got into the same way. Dear me! how we three used to work away together—and we were so cheerful at it, that it did seem as much like play as work. Poor Sammy, he was more like a man at twelve years old, than many I have seen at twenty. He idolized his mother—and if she was ever in danger of forgetting that nobody in this world is perfect, it was on a Sun-

day morning, when he was dressed as nice as hand could make him—and she had parted his hair, and arranged his shining curls round his forehead, and then laid her hand on his arm, and walked with him to church. He was very much like his mother; he had the same gift of cleverness. He never saw the job he thought he could not do with patience and trying; I think she put it into him. She said he would be like a second husband to her; and he said, while he had hands and strength to work, she should never want.” “Where is he now?” said L. “Drowned,” said Honor; “he went to sea when he was fourteen years old. We did not hear of him for years, and then we learned that the ship sank far out to sea, and all on board perished.” At this, Honor stopped a minute, and we all felt very serious; and Mrs. Trubody said, “The Lord’s ways are wonderful, and past finding out. Go on, my dear child.” “My mother was never quite the same woman again,” said Honor; “she seemed as if a bit had been taken out of her heart, and all our talk about him was done—and that was a great loss, for many an evening we have talked of nothing else but him; and in our troubles, there was still the thought of him to go to; but as I said at the first, she was not the woman to sit down and fret at the providence of God. She went on in her usual way, only the tears often came into her eyes, but she did not wish me to see them. She kept me regularly to school till I was twelve years old—I may say she never kept me at home; she said if she began to do it, she might always go on doing it; and having brought me into

the world, it was her duty to make me fit to live in it. At twelve, I had learned all they could teach me at school—I could read and write, and cipher, and I knew a little about the maps. I could make a fine shirt, and darn and knit stockings, and mark, and mend. I could do all sorts of plain work, well.” “Yes,” said I, “I never saw such a beautiful worker as you are; I used to be pretty proud of my work till I saw yours, but that made me a little more humble.” “Oh! I am sure it need not,” said she; “but at twelve, my mother took me away from school, and I went directly into service, in a family where my mother washed; my master’s name was Hartland. I was very happy there. I was under-housemaid at first—then I was parlour-maid. I was there six years. When I was about eighteen, Miss Hartland was married. I think it was a great trouble to my master and mistress, for they did not like the match. She got acquainted with the gentleman at a ball. I have heard say, he fell in love with her at first sight; and to be sure, she was wonderfully beautiful; but we could never make out what she found to admire in him, except it was the quantity of hair he had on his face, or his dashing free way of talking.

“I think my master and mistress persuaded her very much against it, and he never gave his free consent; but my mistress, though she was just of his mind, could not stand out against Miss Caroline’s entreaties, for she had always humoured and made much of her; but she asked my mother to let me go with her, to be her maid; she could not bear her daughter to have

only strange servants about her. It was a great blow to my mother to part with me so far away, and particularly to such a place as London; but my mistress was so anxious for me to go, and offered me such good wages, that when my mother and I came to talk it over together, we thought we could hardly refuse, at least for a little while. To tell the truth, then, I rather wished to see London, and thought it must be very pleasant to go there with a beautiful young bride; though I am sure I felt very sorry to part with my dear mother, and especially the last day I saw her, when she said she often had strange feelings about her heart, and thought perhaps her time might not be far off. At first, I fancied it might be the trouble of parting with me that made her say so; but when she kissed me, and cried, and told me to meet her and Sammy in heaven if she went first, I lost all heart about her, and a dread hung over my mind that I might one day hear bad news; and, indeed, so it proved, for I had not been in London six months, when my young mistress had a letter, to say that my dear mother had suddenly dropped down dead, as she was hanging some linen out on a line.

“I thought I should have broke my heart, for I had now lost my best, my dearest friend, and I was in the world alone, with no near relation belonging to me. My mistress did not tell me of her death till after the funeral; she thought I should want to go, and she could not spare me. It was no use to go afterwards; she was laid in her grave, dear soul, and I was an orphan, to make my way through the world, till I should join her

and Sammy in heaven, as she charged me to do. Her few things were sold, and her funeral expenses were paid with the money. She never was an expense to the parish—that was her pride, and there was a sovereign over, which was sent to me, with a lock of her hair, and a few little things. I had the hair set in a locket; my mistress paid for it. I always wear it round my neck—it seems to keep me near to her; but I was very unhappy—the whole of my life was changed, and everything looked dark. When my mother was alive, whatever else was wrong, I knew there was some one who loved me dearly. I had a real home, if I should be ill, or out of place. I had a friend to advise me in difficulty, to comfort me in trouble, and to warn me in danger. She was gone, and I had lost all. I was a stranger in London, friendless and young, and quite inexperienced in the dangers that surrounded me. Oh! I was very lonely.” “But,” said I, “could not you make a friend of your mistress, or of your fellow servants?”

“By this time,” said Honor, “I began to be afraid all was not going on right. My master had not a house of his own; they lived in very expensive apartments in the West-end; the servants belonged to the owner of the house, who lived herself in a part of it. My master and mistress kept only a footman and me, and they hired a carriage and horses. They were always out at parties. She was very much admired—night after night I have set up till the morning to undress her when she came home. My master bought her a great many very beautiful

things, and spent his money so extravagantly, that I thought he must be immensely rich; but in one way or another I kept hearing that the things were not paid for, and when people brought their bills, they were put off. Sometimes my master was very angry at their impudence, as he called it, in bringing their bills, and declared he would not give them another order.

"I could see my young mistress began to be uneasy, and one day I heard her ask him why he did not pay the bills. He answered her rather short—that money matters did not belong to a woman, and she was to make herself quite happy, for he would take care about them.

"After this, I noticed she would turn pale when I carried her a bill from the laundress or the dressmaker, for she was very much in debt to both of them. She would make an excuse, and say she would send the money in a day or two, but she never did. She said nothing to me, and of course I said nothing to her, but I could not help having my own thoughts that he had deceived her, and was not half so rich as he pretended to be. They did not pay the rent after the first month; and at last, I believe the lady of the house got suspicious of them, and begged to have it paid directly, as she needed it. My master answered in a careless way, that he really was very sorry he had put her to any inconvenience; it had slipped his memory, and he would give her a cheque upon his banker the next day. The next morning's post brought my master a letter, saying his father was dangerously ill, and wished to see him immediately. He ordered the footman

to put him up a few things; he seemed in great concern—he wrote a short note to the lady of the house, telling her he must be absent for a few days, but would settle his account immediately on his return, and would leave his things, and his wife's maid under her care, for I was not to go, although my mistress did, and took a great many of her dresses with her and all her jewellery; he told her to take them. When she parted with me, she said, 'I must pay your wages, Honor, when I come back,' and she asked how much they owed me. I told her that my wages for half a year were due, and it was now two months into the next quarter. She asked me if I had any money, and I told her I had my mother's sovereign, and one shilling. 'Poor Honor!' said she, 'we should have paid you before, but Mr. Mayo is in such haste now, that I could not ask him for your wages.' I said I could do very well without it till they came back. She took out her purse, her hand trembled very much, and she gave me five shillings. I believe it was all she had in it, and she said, 'You must keep yourself on board wages whilst we are away.' I observed they were both in great agitation, but I concluded it was on account of the bad news in the letter; and away they drove to the train (at least so they told the coachman), and master's man went with them.

"Well, the first week went by, and the second week, and at the end of that, came a letter from my master to the lady of the house, saying he had been obliged by the death of his father to proceed to the continent on business, and as he might be

delayed some time, she had better let their apartments, and he would call and settle with her on his return. He said Mrs. Mayo's maid had better engage herself in another service. I shall never forget the mistress's anger on reading this. She said she had no doubt my master was a swindler, and that I was in their secret, and she ordered me out of the house that very day. There was only the London post-mark on the letter, and so there was no way to trace them. "And did they never come back?" said I. "No, never," said Honor. "I don't think there was any blame to my mistress, except marrying my master. The footman said he had watched him go into gambling houses, and I believe people who play away their money at such places, never have any to pay their just debts with."

"But what did you do, Honor?" said I; "did your mistress send you a character to get another place with?" "No," said she; "there I was, in the wide, wide world, without a character, home, or friend, with only a few clothes, and only twelve shillings in my pocket. I felt almost stunned at first, and could not get my thoughts together at all, to know what I should do. I could have written to my mistress's mother, but I knew she was from home, and I did not know where to write to her, and I had no time to lose, for twelve shillings are soon spent. I was almost on the very point of despair, when my dear mother's words came suddenly into my mind—'The Lord can provide, and the Lord will provide, and He helps them that help themselves.' This straightened me at once, and I looked up and said, 'Oh! Lord,

Thou canst provide, do it now for Christ's sake. Amen.' When I had said that, I felt strength and courage come to me. I felt I had gone to the right place for help, and I packed up my things; but now, where was I to take them to? The mistress of the house would not believe but that I knew of my master's leaving, and I got no advice from her; so I went down to the cook, who was very sorry for me. Whilst I was speaking to her, the baker came to the door with his cart, and the thought popped into my mind to ask him if he knew of a place or a lodging where I could go till I met with one. He said he often heard of servants being wanted at houses as he went round with his bread, though just at the minute he could not recollect one; but if I liked to go to his house, his wife had a spare bed where I could sleep a few nights. I said I should be very glad to do it, and I asked him how I was to get my big box to his house; he said he would come for it himself in the evening after his work. I could not help saying out loud, 'The Lord can provide.' The cook looked at me surprised, and said, 'Yes, He can, and He will; only you stick to that, and He is a stronghold in the time of trouble.' This cook had only been in the house a few days, and I had not spoken to her many times, but I had seen she was very different to the other servants. She could not do any more for me; she had no friend in London, but these words were a great help to me, and when I went out of the door, she bid me good bye, and said 'God bless you!' Nobody knows how that sounds from a kind voice, when you step out alone into

London streets with nothing before you. I had seen very little of London, and to tell the truth I had been rather afraid of going about alone. But now I felt no fear; the spirit of my mother came into me, or the spirit of help from God. I had nobody to lean upon, and felt I must depend upon myself. I had no friends, and I must make them. With this thought I knocked at the baker's door. He was a journeyman baker. His wife opened it; he had been home, and she knew of my coming. She was neat, and so was the house; she looked a thrifty and managing woman. She asked me if I would go up-stairs and take my bonnet off. I told her I should be glad to get into service directly, if she could advise me how to go about it. She seemed surprised at my haste, but I told her I had very little money, and I could not keep out of service many days. She then advised me to go to a register office, for says she, of course you have a character to shew! I told her I had not, and I told her the reason why. She looked at me as if she did not believe my story, and coldly said, 'Then of course you will not get into a respectable place.' 'Why not?' said I. 'Because respectable servants have characters to shew,' she said; 'your appearance may do something for you, but not much without a character.' 'Then what would you advise me to do?' I said, quite frightened. 'Well,' said she, 'I cannot take upon me to advise you anything. I wonder James offered you our lodging.' I answered, almost without thinking of what I did say, 'God put it into his heart to do it, and I believe God

will provide a place for me.' 'Well, I am sure it is to be hoped so,' she said; 'I suppose you are of the Methodist connexion; there is a Methodist woman lives just the other side of the street. She does not keep a register office, but she is very good in getting young girls places that belong to that persuasion.' 'Which house is it?' I said. 'No. 43,' said she, 'and her name is Evans; she is the widow of a missionary.' My heart, that had sunk into such a low place whilst she was speaking to me, now bounded up again with hope, and I said I would go and ask her if she could recommend me to a place. A little maid opened the door to me. She was dressed very plain. I asked if I could see Mrs. Evans, and she showed me into a small parlour, where she was sitting.

"She was a serious, kind-looking woman, dressed in black, with a widow's cap on. She was reading her bible. I asked her at once if she could tell me of a place. She closed her book, took off her spectacles, and looked steadily at me, and then she asked if I belonged to the Methodist connexion, when I said 'No.' She said she did not keep a register office for servants—she only assisted their own members in that way, if she was able. I said I was very sorry for that, for I was very anxious to get into service again, and that I was a stranger in London, without a friend to help me. She asked me where I had lived last, and I told her all the particulars of my story. She shook her head at the end of it, and said, 'Young woman, that does not sound a likely tale. I fear there are more reasons for

your not having a character than those you give.' 'Indeed, ma'am,' I said, 'you may believe me. I have told the truth, and only the truth,' and I burst into tears. 'My mother was a good Christian woman,' I said, 'and she would do a kindness to anybody for only love's sake, and I hoped you would do the same. What shall I do? Why are people so ready to believe evil of me?' 'Because iniquity abounds,' said she; the love of many who would help, waxes cold.' 'It is, that I may do no iniquity,' I said, 'that makes me so anxious to get into a respectable service. I wish to live an honest, industrious life.' She looked as if she was beginning to believe me. 'Of course I could not recommend you,' said she, 'on account of your being a perfect stranger to me, and having no character, which looks suspicious; but there is a servant wanted in a lodging house, No. 80, in this street; there is a great deal of work to do, and low wages, and not much comfort, but the place is respectable, as far as the character of the people goes; the name is Humphrey; you can inquire if they are suited. You cannot afford to be very particular, neither can they; but do not mention my name, and take this advice from one who has seen a good deal of this world. Truth goes furthest in the end; there are no bye-ways to the kingdom of Heaven. 'Those who honour me, I will honour, and those who despise me shall be lightly esteemed,' are the words of the Divine Redeemer.'

"By this I saw, although she was kind, that she still suspected me of falsehood. How much

easier it seems to think evil of people than good ! but she took a half-crown out of her pocket, saying, 'I can ill afford it, but a young woman with no money is likely to have many temptations : may the Lord keep your feet from the ways of the destroyer.' 'God bless you, ma'am,' I said, 'I hope He will.' She rang the bell, and I went out very serious, for I saw plainly what a great hindrance I had to overcome by having no character ; but I determined to take any place that was respectable, so as not to spend the few shillings I had.

"I rung the bell at No. 80. A slatternly-looking girl came to the door, very much of a piece with everything else I saw in the house. Mrs. Humphrey was down-stairs in the kitchen, attending to the cooking of the lodgers' dinner. She looked hot, harassed, and untidy. There was a baby crying in the cradle, and two other little things crawling about on the floor. I said I heard she wanted a servant. 'Yes,' said she, 'I do, but you don't look likely to suit my place. What place have you had last?' 'I said I had been lady's maid.' 'And what makes you willing to take a place of all-work like mine?' said she, looking at me suspiciously. 'Have you a character?' I said I had not ; my mistress left the country, and forgot to give me one, and I did not know where to write to her. 'Ah !' said she, 'I expected something of that sort ; the old story over again. You will not suit me.' 'Indeed, ma'am,' I said, 'I speak the truth, I would not tell a lie to get the best place in London. I am a stranger without friends, and if you will try

me, you shall find that I am neither a thief nor a liar.' I spoke so earnestly, that she seemed to change her mind. 'Well,' she said, 'I look sharp to everything myself, and so you can't do me much hurt, and as my girl is going away to-night, you may come; but I warn you that you will find this place very different to a lady's maid, and the wages too. I give £10 a year, and you find your own washing and tea and sugar!' I asked her when I should come. She said I might come in that night.

"I went back to the baker's wife, and told her where I had engaged myself. She looked puzzled that I should think of taking such a place; however, she only said, I should not stay there long; there was work enough for three servants, and they only kept one, and of course were always changing, 'for flesh and blood cannot stand the labour,' said she. She was a cold, unfeeling sort of woman, and I could see she did not believe what I had told her about myself. She thought there was something disgraceful behind, and I can't say I was sorry when her husband came with my box and said he would take it on to No. 80 for me. I paid his wife a shilling for my tea and accommodation. I thought she would most likely give me sixpence back, but she put it into her pocket without saying a word; but when I offered her husband something for carrying my things, he would not take it. The cook at my last place had spoken to him about me, and how I had been treated, and he said he would bet anybody a sovereign that I was an honest girl by my face, so he bid me good night, and wished me well,

and said he should see me the next day, when he came round with the bread.

"I can assure you it wanted a good courage and a cheerful spirit to begin my work in that place; the hole I had to sleep in was not to be called a chamber, and I had not clean sheets put on the bed, but the dirty ones that the last servant had slept in for a month, I should think, and the place really smelt of dirt. I tried to comfort myself with the thought that water would cure that, and though I felt a heavy sinking and aching about my heart, I tried to look back through the day to see how I had been brought there, from the morning when I went down into the kitchen to speak to the cook, and the baker offered me a lodging, and his wife told me of the Methodist lady, and she told me of this place. So that in one day the Lord had raised up four people to help me, and I had now at any rate a house over my head, and with respectable people, and the thought came to my heart with as much comfort as if I had heard an angel say it, 'The Lord can, and the Lord will provide,' and perhaps you will hardly believe me, but I felt happy, and I resolved to do my duty to the best of my power, and not to set myself against what I did not like, and I thanked God and committed myself to His care for the future, and I fell sound asleep, and had a sweet dream about my dear mother, and she said to me, 'Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart. He will provide.' I remembered it when I awoke, and I did take courage."

When Honor had got so far, Mrs. Trubody

said we had better have tea, for she was sure she must be tired of speaking. We were not at all tired of hearing her, and directly we had finished our tea we asked her to go on, and tell us how she got on in that nasty place. She said—"I did not allow myself to call it a nasty place, for I was sure the Lord had provided me with it, and it was a wonder I had got a place at all without a character. My dear mother had taught me to work hard when I was at home, so I was not afraid of the work if I could but keep my health in that close underground kitchen. I went to the work with a good will, and made no complaint of anything, and I soon made the place look a little different, and I could see that my mistress began to look favorably at me. The families in the house (there were two sets of lodgers) took to me, and spoke very civilly; sometimes they said their rooms were much more comfortable, and the table was set out with more order, and better taste, and that I waited as well as a footman, and all these little things were encouraging to me. The mistress was a good sort of woman on the whole, but she had too much upon her, with the whole care of the house and lodgers, and the three children. I was very fond of them, for I always like children, and they liked me, and that was a great relief to my mistress, for every minute when I was not busy about something else, I had the baby in my arms.

"I found the work was wonderfully destructive to my clothes, and what with running up-stairs and down-stairs to the different bells, as well as the constant work, my legs ached at night to that

degree that I could not get to sleep for the pain. But I began to feel for my mistress. My master was not a comfortable husband; his temper was short and sulky, and when he came home in the evening, and might if he would, have done many a little thing to help her, he would set himself down with the newspaper, and expected to be waited on, while she, poor thing!—her work was never done. They had hired a large house, to let out in apartments for lodgers, and the whole responsibility of making it answer fell upon her, and so she could never sit down, and think of her own comfort. The children were only just one step above another. You might say they were all in arms, for they were not strong children; they hardly ever went out-of-doors; nobody had time to take them out, and I don't think people can be healthy without sweet air.

“Before I had been there two months, I began to feel it tell upon my health. I had very bad pains in my head, and I lost my appetite. One of the ladies noticed the change in my looks, and advised me to leave the place before I was ill. She said she was sure the work was too much for me; but to tell you the truth, I had not the heart to do it. I pitied my mistress so much, and now she often told me some of her difficulties, and treated me almost like a friend, so I thought it would not be doing as I would be done by, if I were to leave her, for I knew I was a great help, and exactly suited her.


“I might almost say I never sat down. I was upon the foot from five o'clock in the morning till ten at night, and often later than that, when

any one was out, who had to be set up for, and my own needle-work I mostly did after that time. If I had known what I do now, I should have given up before, but I hoped my headaches would go off. My mistress gave me some pills, and said she thought they would do me good, but I grew worse and worse, and sometimes I felt so giddy that for a minute I did not know where I was. I wonder now, how I kept about at all, but there was the work to be done, and nobody else to do it, and I persevered and never said anything about being ill, except when I was asked, for I looked so bad that some people did notice it. However, the end came to it, but I don't remember anything about that, only as I have been told since, that I was going up the kitchen stairs with the dinner tray, and that I fell down in a fit. What I remember, is coming to myself in a large, light room, with two rows of beds, in which there were people with faces all strange to me. I remember just wondering who they were, but I felt so strange and stupid that I could not think of anything, and I went off again. I don't know how long it was before I was quite sensible enough to know that I was in an hospital, and that I had had brain fever. The nurse told me I had been brought there in a fly. She said no one had been to see me, or enquire after me, and asked me if I had no clothes for a change. I told her that all my clothes were at my place of service, and that if she would send for them, I would pay the person who went. I asked her for my pocket to get my purse, which I found empty. I had my wages in it for my first quarter, which

I had just taken. The nurse said she did not know anything about the money, and I don't suppose she did; but it was gone, and I could not help crying, for I was very weak, and I thought it was so cruel to rob a poor friendless orphan, and it seemed so unkind of my mistress not to come, or send to enquire after me, when I had lost my health in her service; but then, poor woman, I remembered how hard it must have been for her to get on without me, and perhaps without any servant; so I forgave her in my heart. I dare say she thought she had done the best thing for me she could, to put me where I should be well nursed and attended to, which I am sure was the case. When the patients in the room knew how destitute I was, one and another did what they could for me. There was no suspecting there. All were in trouble, and so they all believed, and pitied one another. They were very kind to me. One lent me a night dress, and one a cap, and they all did the little they could. It seemed as if I had fallen among friends, instead of strangers. When I had been there about three weeks, I suppose, but I hardly know how the time went, I saw Mrs. Evans, the Methodist lady, come into the ward. She sat down by the next bed to mine. She had come to visit a young girl that I had made an acquaintance with there. She was a servant come ill from her place like me. After talking very kindly to her, she read her a chapter in the Testament; it was the fifteenth of St. Luke, the parable of the Prodigal Son, and she talked to her about it, and the great love of God, in being willing to receive us, and

forgive us all our sins, and take us to a heavenly home.

"I listened to her, and could not help crying, for, as I said, I was very weak; it all seemed so beautiful, and so kind of the father to receive his son back again, after he had gone away and been so wicked. Then she read to her the hymn that begins, 'Rock of ages.' I knew that hymn by heart, and it seemed so pleasant to hear such words, that I repeated them softly as she read them. When she rose up to go, she turned to me, and asked me where I had learnt that hymn, and I said at Sunday-school. Then she looked hard at me, and said she thought she must have seen my face before; and I said I was the young person she sent to No. 80, to enquire about the place. At this, she sat down by me, and said she had often made enquiry about me—and since she had learned from the baker, that I had left the place ill, she had felt very anxious about me, for she remembered I had told her that I was an orphan, and a stranger in London; and she said she had felt vexed with herself, since she heard I had conducted myself so well, that she had suspected me, and added a needless drop to the bitterness of my trouble—'But,' says she, 'I think the Lord has sent me here to-day for something. I felt a great drawing in my mind to come here to-day, and perhaps it may be to do something for you.' 'God bless you, ma'am,' I said; 'it was through your kindness I got that place.' 'And through that place, this illness, I fear,' said she; 'but we must not charge the providence of God with evil. I hope there is a blessing in it for you.



God often wraps up His children's blessings in an ugly cover, but He will give them the understanding to find them out. Is there anything I can do for you?' Then I told her that my clothes were at No. 80, and that I should not have had even a change of linen, but for the kindness of the patients. I told her also that I had lost all my money. She said she would have my clothes sent to me—at least such as I needed, and the rest she would take care of for me, and I could have them when I left the hospital. She gave me a shilling—she said she would willingly have given me more, but that money was not one of the things God had trusted her with; but she hoped He would raise up friends for me as I needed them, and she had no doubt He would; and then, would you believe it! she kissed me. Oh! if people could tell the value, and the help, and encouragement of a kiss, and hopeful words in the day of trouble and down-casting, how many a sorrowful spirit would be lifted up that toils on lonely and heavy-hearted. That kiss, and her kind words, did me more good than a sovereign would. When she came into the ward, I was poor, a stranger, and friendless; when she left my bedside, I felt rich, and had a good friend." "Ah!" said Mrs. Trubody, "there's a great deal in what you say, Honor; in my opinion, the great business of christians in this world, is to encourage one another. Love sets the heart at liberty, and brings out the understanding; it gives you hope, and helps you to find your powers. Advice and warning are good in their place, but affectionate encouragement tops it all, for good—but I won't

stop you, my dear child; the ways of Provide are very wonderful, and the truth of His words stands fast for ever."

Then Honor went on to tell us, that when she had been six weeks in the hospital, she was dismissed as cured. "When I got out again into the street," said she, "with my little parcel in my hand, I quite staggered, for I was still very weak, much weaker than I thought I was before I left. I had concluded that I would go to my last place for a character. I knew I could not take that place again, but I should be sure now to get a character for another situation, and also the remainder of my wages—but I went first to the house in the West End, to hear if my master and mistress had returned there. The lady of the house sent me word that my master was a swindler, and she knew nothing about him. I thought if they had returned, I might have got my wages paid, but I was now forced to give up that hope entirely.

"Mrs. Humphrey paid me the few shillings she owed me. She was too busy to take much notice of me. She had a very untidy servant; and the place looked as dirty as it did the first day I went there. She did not even ask me to sit down, though I was ready to drop with fatigue. I don't think she meant to be unkind, but when people are harassed and driven, they don't do themselves justice, and I always will say, that she had not a bad heart." "Well," says I, "I don't know who would have found out the goodness of it, but yourself; she seems to me to have been selfish from the beginning to the end. I suppose you

soon bid her good bye." "Yes," said Honor, "and I went to call upon the Methodist lady, to get my clothes, and I hoped also to get some advice from her as to what I had better do, till I got a little stronger, for I felt sure I was not able to take a place directly. You may think how disappointed I was, when I found she was gone into the country for a few weeks, and another family was inhabiting her house for the time. The servant told me she had my things under her care, and that she was to deliver them to me when I called for them—and she asked if I would like to have them then. I can assure you I was struck dumb, and I did not know what to say. I could not take my box away, because I had no place to take it to, so I said if she would be so good as to take care of it a little longer, I would call again; and she said she would, and shut the door. I did not know which way to go. Crowds of people were hurrying along the street, all going somewhere, all having a home and a business—and there was I, as lonely as if I had been the only person in the world. I looked at the faces of all the people, with a sort of hope that I might see somebody that I could speak to, and tell them what distress I was in—but everyone looked taken up with their own business, and I had not the courage to speak to one of them. I heard one lady say to another, as she passed me, 'How ill that poor young woman looks!' but they turned into a shop, and I dare not follow them. By this time I was so faint, that I really thought I must sit down on the pavement. But I went into a baker's shop and bought a penny bun. I asked

the woman who waited in the shop, if she could tell me of a situation. She said, in a short way, 'No;' and I did not look much fit to take one. I asked her if she could tell me of a lodging. She said 'No,' she could not; and I went out into the street again, and did not know which way to turn. I can assure you, the horrible dread and perplexity of that moment, were such as I can never express, when all on a sudden, my mother's words sprang into my mind, 'The Lord *can* provide, the Lord *will* provide.' What a fool! said I to myself, that I have never thought of that before. The Lord can provide for me now; and I looked up to heaven, and my spirit was lightened, and I believed help would come somehow. Oh! how I did pray as I walked along the street.

"The afternoon was drawing to a close, and it was a cold raw fog—my very teeth chattered; and then as I thought of my situation, a cold perspiration stood all over me, but I walked on, saying, Oh! Lord, help me—oh! Lord, provide for me, for Christ's sake, for I am desolate and afflicted. The lamps were lighted in the streets, and my head was almost swimming round in a stupid perplexity, when a very tidy poor woman passed me—an old woman, but she walked briskly. She looked at me with a kind, earnest look, and almost stopped, and then went on. I turned round and looked after her, and she had turned to look at me; she directly came to me, and said, 'You are ill, child—what's the matter?' 'Oh! ma'am,' I said, 'I have not a friend in the world, nor a home, nor anything. I have come out of the hospital to-day, and I have not a place to go to.'

The tears started into her eyes. 'Poor child!' she said, 'come with me, then, come with me, my dear; you shall not be lost for want of a friend—come with me;' and she put my arm within her own, and trudged along the street. She hardly spoke—but I heard her say to herself two or three times, 'Thank God! poor thing!' She stopped at the door of a house in a little court, and took the key out of her pocket, and let herself in; and I followed her up one pair of stairs into a small room that looked quite cheerful, with a bright little fire. She bid me sit down, and I did so—for indeed I could stand no longer. I sat down and fainted away. When I came to myself, I found I was lying on her bed, in the corner of the room. 'Oh! dear ma'am,' I said, 'what a trouble I am to you!' 'Never mind,' she said, 'I have nothing else to do—you are ill; I will make you a cup of tea, you are no trouble.' I laid still and looked at her. She kept talking to herself. 'I was sick, and ye visited me.' 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.' 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye the same unto them.' Many other texts she kept repeating to herself. I remember these. I found afterwards, that it was her way; she thought out loud, and talked to herself for company.

"She brought me a cup of tea, and I thanked her with a full heart, and was going to explain, but she told me not to talk, I was not fit for it yet. She could see I was a decent girl, and wanted a friend, and that was enough for her at present to know. Then she helped me to undress, for I had

my little bundle from the hospital with me, and she put me comfortably in her own bed, and told me not to think about anything, but try to go to sleep; and indeed I was so completely exhausted, that I did not seem to have life enough in me to keep awake. But I did not sleep long. I kept waking up with frightful dreams, and crying out, and I had just the same sort of pain and feelings in my head, that I had in the hospital. Whenever I opened my eyes, there was that good woman sitting by the bed—I believe she did not lie down the whole night. Once, when I was more myself, she asked me what had been the matter with me in the hospital. I told her I had brain fever from hard work, and trying to do more than I could. ‘I see,’ she said; and went directly and shaded the light, and walked as if she had been treading on wool, for she saw me start if even a cinder fell out of the fire—my brain seemed all alive. Then she said to me, very gently and very cheerfully, ‘God has sent you to the right place, child; I have been a nurse most part of my life, and though I have given it up pretty much now, I know better than many people how to attend on a sick person; so don’t make yourself anxious about anything. I have nothing better to do, than take care of you as long as you may want it.’ ‘But, mistress,’ said I, ‘I have hardly any money to pay you with, and I shall be an expense to you.’ ‘Oh!’ said she, ‘never mind that—the Lord will provide.’ ‘Yes,’ I said, ‘He can provide—He will provide—He has provided for me; blessed be His holy name.’ ‘Amen!’ said she. I can assure you, that even then, a flood of joy and thankful-

ness filled my mind; her quoting my mother's words, put me upon thinking how I had been provided for that day—but my mind soon became confused again, and I was rambling, and tossing, and dreaming all the night. I suppose I fell into a sounder sleep towards morning, for I found afterwards, that she had slipped out whilst I was asleep, and gone to a doctor, whom she knew very well, because she had often nursed under him, and asked him to call and see me. She did not tell me this, indeed she hardly spoke at all. She only looked kindly at me, and smiled, as if to encourage me, and keep me quiet. Bless that dear old woman—she knew exactly what I required both for body and soul. In the course of the morning, the doctor came; he asked me a few questions, such as the doctors had asked me at the hospital. Mrs. Martin, for that was her name, had told him all she knew, and all she had seen, and heard from me during the night. That was little enough, of course, but he seemed quite to understand about it. I shall never forget how kindly he spoke to me, just like a father. They both seemed determined to keep my mind free from any anxiety. He said I might make my mind quite easy, and he and Mrs. Martin would take good care of me—and he thought I should soon be better, and then they would find a home for me. ("Dear me!" said Honor, "if people did but know the worth of kind and cheerful words, especially when you cannot cheer up yourself.") I just said, 'Thank God, and you, sir,' and became insensible, and was left to them to do what they liked. And to be sure, they did

take care of me; if I had been her child, and his daughter, they could not have done more for me, though for awhile, I hardly knew what they did. It was only as I got better, that I found my kind friend had entirely given up her little bed to me, and rested herself as well as she could; she made nothing of it. She said that nurses got used to sitting up, and managing as well as they could. Then I learned from her, that the doctor had given her money to get such things for me as he knew I wanted, and he would not charge me a penny for his visits, or his medicine; and I am sure he attended upon me as if I had been a lady in a fine house; and when I thanked him very earnestly for his kindness, he said there was no occasion for it; it was one of his greatest pleasures to give his services to deserving people, who could not pay him. He said that was the easiest way for him to do a kindness."

I could not help interrupting Honor by saying how lucky she was, always to fall in the way of good people. She stopped a minute, and then she said, "At one time, Patience, I should have called it *luck* myself, the meeting with just the sort of people who could help me; but now, I don't think there is any luck in it. I believe, if you are wishing and willing to do right, that God will meet you, and help you, and guide you—and I believe too, when you can't help yourselves, and don't know what to do, that He will either bring you to the people who can help you, or He will bring them to you, or He will just give you the thoughts you want; I believe God is always sending His servants about to do kindnesses,

though they may not always know what they are going to do. Now I have no doubt but God sent Mrs. Evans to the hospital that day to be a blessing and help to me, as well as to the other patient—and I have no doubt she had her reward in her own heart, for she looked full of peace, though she was a widow. Well, then, I believe God sent Mrs. Martin into the street that evening to meet me, a poor, desolate orphan, whatever other business she might have had to do. I believe He gave her that kindness to do, that He might reward her for it. She used to repeat the text, ‘Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me;’ and I am sure I was one of the least of them, and she did it unto me for Christ’s sake.”

Then, I can’t tell what put it into my mind, to ask such a question, but I said, “Then I suppose Honor, you call yourself quite a religious person?” “O! dear no,” said she, “I don’t call myself so at all—I wish I was.” “But you do call yourself one of God’s children,” said I. She hesitated a minute, and then said, “I hope you won’t think me presumptuous, or hypocritical.” “Oh! no,” said I, “that would be impossible, for us, who know you.” Then she said, “If I did not believe I was God’s child, I should not know what to think. He has always been caring for me like a father—and His great love and kindness to me, make me wish to love Him and please Him; only I don’t love Him half so much as I am bound to do.” Then I said to her, “Which do you love best, Honor—God, our Heavenly Father—or Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour?” She

seemed puzzled at this, and said she had not thought about it—but after a minute or two, she said she always thought of them together, because they were both of the same mind, and both acted together to save us. I said, “How do you mean?” and she said she had often thought, it must have been quite as hard for God to see His dear Son suffer, as to suffer Himself. She thought herself, it must be worse—but she said when God had given His Son, and Christ had come into the world to save us, and the Holy Spirit had come to invite and persuade us, she thought it would be the greatest folly, and the greatest ingratitude, and wickedness, not to believe in Their love, and Their willingness, especially when we were so ignorant and helpless, that we could not do anything to save ourselves.

“Well,” said I, “I think so too, when as you say, that is the very thing we do want; only I don’t see why God should take so much trouble about us.” Then Honor said, “Suppose, Patience, you had taken a great deal of pains, and had made a beautiful lot of tarts and cakes, you would not like to have them burnt and destroyed; you would say, ‘Oh! what a pity, they were such beauties—and I had taken such a deal of pains with them, and they would have done me such credit—I would give anything sooner than they should be spoiled.’ I sometimes think, our Heavenly Father may have felt a little in this way about us, only very different, because, when the tarts were burnt and spoiled, there was an end of them; but unless He had put forth His power, and love, and pity, we should have burnt for ever;

and He says He is not willing that the works of His hands should perish." "I will think about that," said I, "but don't let me stop you any longer."

Then Honor went on to say, that two of her dear mother's favourite texts were, "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost"—and, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." "Ah!" said Mrs. Trubody, "they are texts worth being favourites, they have given hope to many a poor sinner—but let us hear the end of your story, my dear."

"It is nearly finished now," said Honor. "That dear old lady nursed me for a month with her own blessed hands—and she would not take a farthing for it all. She said it did not cost her anything; she had no more rent to pay, and she must have had fire and candle herself, and I kept her hand in for nursing, and the doctor had given her money enough for what I ate and drank, 'and so,' said she, 'it has all been a pleasure, and kept me from falling asleep, and growing selfish.' When I could bear it, she talked more, but she never was a great talker—she said it was a bad habit for nurses to get into, and that 'In multitude of words, there wanted not sin.' She told me she had two children married—a daughter, who lived in the country—and a son, who lived at Islington—and that they were both good to her; and this son, at Islington, brings me to the last of my providences. When I was nearly well, she took me there with her; she thought it would do me good—and she sadly wanted to see her children

and grandchildren; and it was through her son's wife, that I heard of a servant being wanted here. You remember, Patience, opening the door to me—but you did not know how overjoyed I was when you said your mistress had not engaged any one, and you thought very likely I should suit." "Oh! yes," I said, "I remember it, as if it were only yesterday, and exactly how you looked; my only fear was, that you would not be strong enough—but you got on wonderfully well." "Yes," said she, "but I should often have broken down if you had not given me such good help. It was through you, Patience, that I kept the place." "Oh!" says I, "don't say so." "But I must," said she, "I have had friends made for me all the way through. The baker was the first, and you were the last; and now, if it please God, I hope I shall be settled here for a long time; but if it should not be so, and through no fault of mine, I think I could trust to my Father in heaven to take care of me—for I can now set my seal to my dear mother's words, 'He can provide, and He will provide; and if we put our trust in Him, we shall not be confounded.'"

When Honor had finished, we could none of us speak; and dear Mrs. Trubody said, with tears in her eyes, "Children, let us pray." And we all knelt down—and then she began to praise God for all His goodness; and she went on and on, as if her heart was so full of love and praise, that she could not stop. And then she prayed that God would turn all our hearts to Himself, and watch over us, and make us tender-hearted, and obedient, and bring us to love and follow our

Saviour, till we all came to His glorious kingdom above.

When she had finished praying, we were all crying; and poor Ruth went and threw her arms round Mrs. Trubody's neck, and kissed her, and said, "I will be good, I will. I see that God has been looking after me, and trying to save me, by sending you to find me up, and put me in a safe place—and you have all been so kind to me. Oh! I will be good, and love God now; and then she kissed Honor and me, and said how she loved us—and we were all the more upset for that, and cried the more. But oh! they were such happy tears, as I never shed before; and I resolved that I would be good too, only I did not say so, for I could see plain enough, that I had a great deal more conceit about me than good christians should have, and I hope I shall not be satisfied with myself, till I am more like them.

This letter is more like a book than a letter. I need not tell you that I have set down to it a great many times. You will see that—but I thought you would like to hear it all so much, and that it would answer for your Christmas story. The family will still be out another week. I daresay you hear from Mary—I have only had one little note from her.

Hoping that you had a merry Christmas, and a happy new year; and with love to father, and Robert, and all enquiring friends, I remain,

Your dutiful daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

LETTER XXXI.

Letter from Mary Hart to her Mother.

DEAR MOTHER,

I AM sorry to tell you that Patience is very ill. About a week after we came back from Brighton, Miss Rose was very poorly, she had a rash on her skin. My mistress felt a little uneasy, and thought it would be better to send for Dr. Goodhart. Patience went for him, and I think she worried herself very much, for fear it should be the scarlet fever again, for she had made up her mind, that Miss Rose would never get over it a second time; and you might say, that her life is bound up in that child's life. As she came back from the doctor's, she was caught in a heavy shower of rain, and got some of her clothes quite wet, for she had not taken an umbrella; and then being anxious I suppose, or too careless, she did not change them—and from that she took cold.

As it turned out to be measles with the children, and they all took it one after another, there was not much time to think about anybody else; and so Patience had a bad cough and a great deal of fever almost before it was noticed. At last, she could hardly breathe without pain—and almost at every deep breath, she coughed.

When my mistress knew of it, she asked the doctor to see her; and directly he did, he ordered her into bed, and told my mistress he was afraid it would prove a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, and she must have a great deal of care taken of her. And I am sure, nobody could do more for her than my mistress does, and everyone else too. She might have been one of the family, as far as that goes. They said she had been so willing to nurse and help others, that she deserved all that could be done for her now. Ruth Banks is taken into the house to help Mrs. Trubody, and Miss Murray and Mrs. Trubody take it by turns to sit up with Patience. Miss Murray insisted upon doing it. She said she knew Patience would like it; and she was used to nursing, and it would be a pleasure to her to nurse the dear girl. So you may make yourself quite easy that she has everything done for the best, and that nobody thinks it a trouble. Everyone is very fond of Patience—and she and Honor are like two sisters. Honor sits with her sometimes, but they don't allow Patience to talk; it seems to make the cough and fever worse.

I have not time to write any more now; you may depend upon hearing from me if she should be worse; and if you do not hear, you may conclude she is better; so with my kind love to father and Robert, I am,

Your dutiful daughter,

MARY HART.

LETTER XXXII.

DEAR MOTHER,

I AM now, thank God, a great deal better, and able to sit up and write a little. I dare say you will have heard from Mary all about my illness; and I doubt you have been very unhappy about me, but I don't think you will have any cause to be so in the end. There is a great deal that Mary could not tell you, because she did not know it; and if she had, she could not have told you, and indeed I don't know how I shall do it myself—and if I had any chance of seeing you, I would put it off; but I doubt there is not. My mistress, at one time, said she thought it would be a good thing for me to go home and get my strength up; but I am getting on so well here, that I daresay I shall not come home; she has not mentioned it again that I know of—so I must try and do the best I can by writing.

It was not till I had been in bed several days, that I began to be troubled about myself. I thought I should soon get better again, and be about my work; and when Mrs. Trubody came to speak to me, and looked so serious, I used to laugh, when the pain would let me, and tell her not to make such a long face; but as I got worse and could not sleep, I began to be frightened, and thought, if I should die, should I go to heaven?

At first, I hoped I should, because I had done no hurt to anybody, and I knew you said, I had always been a good daughter—and everybody here liked me, because I was always willing and obliging; but when I began to think about God, and the judgment-seat, and giving in my account, I began to be very unhappy. I felt that God was such a long way off me, and I was afraid of Him; and though I wished to go to heaven that I might be safe, I would much rather have been with the servants and people here, than with the angels. I did not feel at all as if I belonged to them, nor yet as if they would like me—but still I hoped I should go there, because I knew there were only two places to go to, and I could not bear to think I should go to the wicked place. But the more I hoped to go to heaven, the further I seemed off, for I thought God would be against me, because I had never loved Him—for I was quite sure now, that I had never loved Him—and that I had only deceived myself when I thought I did; for now I could not think of Him as my heavenly Father, as I used to call Him, but He seemed to me only like my Judge, who knew very well that I had only pretended to love Him and serve Him, but had in reality never done so.

The more I thought, the worse I grew. What a fool I had been, with all my advantages, never to have cared for my poor soul before. Sometimes such a horror of fear came over my mind, that the perspiration stood upon me. Oh! the distress of mind that I suffered in those days and nights, was such as I can never describe to anybody. I felt sure I should die—and the thought

was always with me—where shall I go? I felt as if there was no hope, and I could not pray—and when I did pray, my prayers seemed only to go up as far as the ceiling, and then come down again upon me. I tried to remember the good things I had done, and the things people had praised me for; but everything had gone out of my mind, and nothing looked good now. I could not see that I had said or done a good thing all the days of my life; and I thought it would be said to me, if I died, “I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity.” I could not think of any nice comfortable texts; they all seemed against me. I really could not help groaning, I was in such distress of mind. They thought that it was the pain of my body that made me groan; and I did not say it was not, for I did not feel able to speak to any one, not even to Mrs. Trubody.

One night, she was laid down outside her bed. I thought she was asleep, and I said, “God be merciful to me a sinner.” She directly got up and came to my bedside. “Do you feel yourself a sinner, Patience?” said she. “Oh! yes, Mrs. Trubody,” I said, “I am going to the bad place, and there is no help for it.” “Thank God!” she said, “but there is help for it. He hath laid help upon One that is mighty.” She said a great deal more to me, but it all seemed for other people, and not for me, and I hardly attended to it.

As you may well believe, all this trouble of mind made me a great deal worse; and when the doctor came to see me one morning, I saw that he looked very serious. I knew his look so well, that I said to myself, “He thinks I shall

die." He spoke cheerfully to me about soon getting well, but I could see he did not think I should get well any more. When he was gone, I put my handkerchief over my face, and cried fit to break my heart; and I observed too, after that, everybody's face looked more serious, when they came to my bedside.

In the afternoon, dear Miss Rose came down to see me. I heard afterwards, that she had been crying so about me, that nobody could pacify her, till my mistress promised she should come and see me, if she would speak cheerfully, and not distress me by crying. She stood by the bed, and said, "Dear Patience, how ill you do look! are you ill?" "Yes, dear," I said, "very ill." "Have you a great deal of pain?" said she. "No," I said, "not a great deal." "Oh! then," said she, "you will soon get better." "No, dear," I said, "I don't think I shall." She looked very serious, and said, "Are you happy, Patience?" "No, dear," I said. Then she stood still, as if she did not know what to say—but in a little while she said, "Shall I say a pretty hymn to you, Patience?" "Do, dear," I said; then she repeated this hymn—

"Jesus, refuge of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past :
Safe into the haven guide :
O receive my soul at last.

"Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed ;
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in Thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name ;
I am all unrighteousness :
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

"Plenteous grace with Thee is found ;
Grace to pardon all my sin :
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity."


When she had finished it, I said it was very pretty, and would she come and say me another to-morrow, if I was alive? "Oh! dear Patience," she said, "you must not die;" and she burst into tears, and threw her arms round my neck, and kissed me. Then Mrs. Trubody came and told her she had better go away now, as I was very weak. Dear little lamb, how she did look at me, with her eyes full of tears, as if she was

looking at me for the last time; and I heard her sob as she went up the stairs.

That night, Miss Murray sat up with me. I can't think how it was, but though I used to like to speak to her and Mrs. Trubody so much before—now, I could not bear to tell them I was unhappy, or that I felt myself a great sinner. They both used to read to me, and they used to pray for me, but I never seemed willing to talk to them. That night—I think it was towards morning—but I had not had a wink of sleep, Miss Murray took the Testament, and read very softly and plainly, the parable of the “Prodigal Son.” When she had read that verse—“And when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and ran, and fell upon his neck and kissed him,” she stopped; and I said, “Oh! miss, I am a long way off—how shall I get near, with all my sins?” She did not answer me, but read on (she thought God's words were the best for me), “Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost.” “He came, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.” “He is able to save to the uttermost those who come unto God through Him.” “All we like sheep have gone astray—we have turned everyone to His own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him (on Jesus) the iniquity of us all.” “For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.” “God is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.” “I am the good Shepherd—I lay down my life for the sheep.” “He died the just

for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; and though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Only "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "Whosoever cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

I thought at the time, that Miss Murray was reading these beautiful texts all from one place; she made a long stop at the end of each of them, to give me time to understand them. When she had read the last, I stopped her, and asked if that meant any body? She said it meant any who felt they were lost sinners, and could not help themselves. I said, "I do, Miss; I don't know at all what to do for myself. I am afraid it can't mean me." She said, "These are Christ's own words, Patience; it is He who says, 'Whosoever cometh to Me.' You do not think that He would be so cruel as to deceive a poor creature who wished to come to Him to be saved—do you?" "Oh! no, miss, I am sure He would not. I only wish He would save me." "He will," she said; "I believe God will forgive you your sins, and blot them out for Jesus Christ's sake, and that He will give you a new heart, and put His Spirit within you, that you may love and serve Him for ever. And if God is willing to save you, Patience, why should you disbelieve it? and why should you believe readily what I say, and disbelieve what your kind, merciful, patient God and Saviour says to you?" "But oh, dear! miss," I said, "are you sure it is said to *me*, that if I come, He will not cast me out; and if I believe,



"I shall be saved?" And she said, "My dear child, God has not mentioned your name or mine in particular, but He says, 'Whosoever cometh unto Me, I will in no wise (not upon any account) cast out.' So go to Him just as you are, and believe that He will keep His promise to you, and give you pardon and peace."

Then she knelt down and prayed that God would manifest His love to me, and give me a believing heart; and I can't tell how it was, but whilst she was speaking, a great peace came into my mind, and my fear was all taken away, and I felt almost as if I was in heaven; and I lay there and listened to her, and as I listened, everything seemed changed. When she got up, I said, "Miss, I do believe God has pardoned my sins. I never felt before as I do now;" for I can assure you, my dear mother, it seemed as if a hard, heavy mountain had been taken off me, and I was like a little happy bird, with all my sins forgiven, and I could only keep saying in my heart, "Oh! my kind heavenly Father, my dear Saviour, what can I do to please you—how can I love you enough!" and my heart was all the while so full of love, that I kept crying.

And I am still quite as happy, I think happier; because now, such a number of texts keep coming into my mind, saying just the same thing, so that I feel sure I am not mistaken. But oh! how I do hope I shall never sin again willingly, and lose the presence and comfort of God.

Miss Murray tells me that I must now walk close with God, in the way of His precepts and commandments, because these are the way that *Christ has made for His children to walk in, and*

there He walks with them, and strengthens them, and blesses them by His Spirit.

I find the Testament a very different book now, because all the instructions seem just written for me, to direct me, and cheer me, and warn me. How I shall read my Testament now! that I may keep in the way, where Jesus will meet with me, and where I can please Him. Oh! my dear mother, I am so happy; and my master and mistress, and everybody, are so kind to me, and all seems right.

I daresay you know exactly how I feel—and dear Mrs. Trubody keeps wiping her eyes, and blessing God that I have found out I am a sinner, and that Jesus is my Saviour.

I don't think anybody was more pleased to see me getting better, than dear Miss Rose. When she came down to see me again, she looked as if she would have looked her little heart into me—bless her! They told her she must not stop long and talk to me, because it might set me back; so she asked me if she should say the other hymn to me—and she said this, and it all seemed new, though I had heard her repeat it many times before—she knows a great number of pretty hymns; and with this, I must conclude my letter, which I know will cause you more joy than any I have written to you before. And now I shall always be glad of your advice to help me, and of your prayers, that I may go on well.

With my dear love to father and Robert, I am,

Your very dutiful and affectionate
daughter,

PATIENCE HART.

HYMN.

"HARK, my soul, it is the Lord :
'Tis thy Saviour ; hear His word.
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?

"I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound,
Saw thee wandering, set thee right ;
Turned thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember Thee.

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above ;
Deeper than the depths beneath ;
Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of My throne shalt be—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?

"Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint.
Yet I love Thee, and adore :
O for grace to love Thee more."

LETTER XXXIII.

Letter from Mary Hart to her Mother.

DEAR MOTHER,

I SEND you a few lines to say, that you will see Patience home on Friday. I need not, I dare say, ask you to be at the station to meet her; she will come by the eleven o'clock train, from London. She was getting on very well indeed; but she is such a girl for work, and putting forward, that she just went too far, and had a little return of pain and coughing; and the doctor said the best thing would be, to put her under your care, till she got quite strong again—and my mistress said directly, she should go home, and she would pay her expenses.

At first, Patience looked as if she did not know whether to laugh or cry; but in a minute or two, she quite settled to do the first, and she is just like a child with longing to see you, only as she said to me last night, she feels now as if she had two homes; and though she shall be overjoyed to see you, she thinks she shall be silly enough to cry when she parts with us here, though it is for such a little while, because everybody feels almost like a relation to her.

As she will tell you all the news, I will not add more than our dear love, and I am,

Your dutiful daughter,

MARY HART.

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR.

It is due to those who may have been interested in the history of Patience Hart, to say, that she entirely recovered her health, and returned to her place; and if, amongst the multitude of her sisters, engaged in the same honourable and useful occupation of domestic service in our country, there should be many desirous to know anything of her further experience, it is possible in due time, another series of her letters may be published.



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